THE NEW DISORDERS OF LOVE.

A Gallant Novel.

Written by *RICHARD GIBBS*, of *Norwich*, Philo. Medici.

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To his Honoured Friend,
RICHARD BERNEY, *of* Grays-Inn, *Esq*; *Eldest Son to Sir* THOMAS BERNEY, *Knight and Baronet, of* Norfolk.

SIR,

NEver till I had the Honour of your Conversation, was I sensible how uneasie Ambition sits upon Mankind. This has made me labour long under the Pride of

presenting something to your Patronage; and design'd it upon a Graver Subject than what now implores your Protection. But considering the Politeness of your Learning, and that there is nothing in the whole Circle of Sciences, that has escap'd the justness and severity of your Censure, I durst not stand the Test of so nice and universal a Critick, in offering any Philosop'ical Essay to your View. This made me change the Design of putting off some of my imperfect Tracts under the Glory and general Approbation of your Name, in the Common-wealth of Learning, into that of Contributing to your Diversion. A Relaxation of the Mind from more serious Studies, is often ne-

necessary to the largest and most vigorous Genius's; *and I am sure by furnishing to your* Recreation, *I gratifie all that know you. Besides, Sir, I fancy the fair Sex will justifie me in this Address: and there is possibly a World of Ladies of a Noble Gentleman's Acquaintance, whose Hearts, if we consulted, would tell us, with how much Justice* the Disorders of Love *lay Claim to his Protection. And here, Sir, an infinity of Matter presents its self for Panegyrick. And might I expatiate, I could run through a long History of the Glories of your Family; but that the World would tell me, that as the best of Families might pride themselves in your Ancestors, yet your own Vir-*

tues are so transcendent, that the most illustrious of your Ancestors, can pride themselves in nothing more than you. And indeed, when the whole Nation was almost tainted, your Loyalty was Ermine-like. And thus you credited Arms, and Letters, and Good Mien. A Plain Dealer, Sir, would tax me here, I am sure, with being wanting in your just Eulogies; but I am sure I shall never be wanting in the Zeal, Respect, and Passion, wherewith I am,

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant,

RICH. GIBBS.

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THE NEW DISORDERS OF LOVE.

A Gallant Novel.

TWO Persons of Quality in *Picardy*, being at variance about some Lands, plung'd themselves over head and ears in Law; and for a long while persecuted one another. They were near Relations, and of the same Family; both bearing the

ſame Name, and the ſame Arms. Their Diſpute was about the ſharing of an Eſtate, and of ſuch great Conſequence, as tended to one or the other's ruin. As they were eminent in their Province, their mutual friends made it their buſineſs to procure a Reconciliation, and for that purpoſe propos'd a Match. They had no more Children than one Son and one Daughter; and theſe friends having made them underſtand, that the means of removing all their differences, was to marry them together, they accordingly reſolved ſo to do. The Son was not unhandſome, but whymſical in his humour: and as the advantages of the mind are to be preferr'd to thoſe of the body, he was not in the beſt Repute imaginable in his Neighbourhood. The Daughter was agreeable, and promiſed much. She was yet ſo green in years, as not to know the meaning of an Huſband. Thus when they

they talk'd of marrying her, ſhe ſeem'd indifferent; but when ſhe knew it to be to her Couſin, ſhe was extreamly afflicted. She told a woman that had had care of her Education, that better would it have been for her, that her Father had been caſt in his Law-ſuit. The woman made her anſwer, that ſhe wondered to hear her talk in that manner, and that there was nothing to be found fault with in the Perſon that was propoſed to her. As a Diſpenſation was neceſſary in this caſe, they ſent to the Court of *Rome*; and while the Meſſenger was on his journey, the Marquiſs *de Florange*, ſo was her Suiter's Name, made love to her. He had lived almoſt altogether in his Countrey; inſomuch that his Deportment could not wipe out the diſadvantageous Impreſſion ſhe had entertained of him. On the contrary, the more ſhe ſaw him, the leſs ſhe eſteemed him; in him find-

ing many bad, and few good Qualities.

From that time she did nought but weep, foreseeing all the misfortunes wherewith she was threatned. At last, the Dispensation being come, she could not decline marrying him: but he enamoured her never the more after he was her Husband, than he had done when he was her Gallant.

In a little while after the Wedding, a great Estate fell to *Florange*; and this enabled him to spend at an high rate. His Wife studying to distance him, told him then, that we liv'd now in a Reign wherein Martial Men were only valued, and that though the bare thoughts of his absence troubled her extreamly, yet could she not but advise him to take upon him some Military Employ; That their Lands lying in the passage of the Forces, the means to preserve them, was to do as Persons of Quality did: That she had heard

heard, how that in the time of his Anceſtors a Soldier did not approach 'em but with reſpect; and ſhould be overjoyed he might again have the ſame influence.

The Marquiſs *de Florange* was of a Family that had produc'd brave men; but the Valour of his Anceſtors had not reach'd his Perſon; inſomuch that he had been but one ſingle Campaign in the Army: Nay, and he returned thence two months before the reſt, as in no wiſe delighting in that Profeſſion. Thus finding little ſatisfaction in his Wives Diſcourſe, he reply'd, that her contrivance lay to get him out of the way; but beſides the Concerns of his Family, that wedded him to his own houſe, he was in no wiſe enclined to give her that ſatisfaction.

The Marchioneſs was picqu'd by his anſwer; and as this his carriage ſpoke his little regard for her, ſhe told him, that it was long ſince ſhe

had begun to take notice of his ill humour; but that it was not fitting he ſhould cloak his Capriciouſneſs with a Pretext that did an injury to others. And ſhe happened to mutter him out a Coward: and as nothing is ſo offenſive as truth, the Marquiſs fell into an extraordinary rage; and they proceeded to give one another hard words.

Some days after, *Florange* being obliged to go thence to *Paris*, upon a Proceſs of Conſequence, was at a plunge, whether he ſhould take his Wife along, or leave her at home. He began to be jealous of her, yet without cauſe; for as yet ſhe ſaw no body that either had a deſign upon her, or on whom ſhe could be accus'd of having any. But whether that *Florange* had a ſecret foreknowledg of his misfortune, or that really he in her found ſome inclination to Gallantry, ordered one of his Domeſticks before his departure, to have an eye upon her acti-

actions. This Domeſtick was a middle-aged man, and ſeemed very diſcreet. He had been in the Wars in his Youth, where he had learnt to live; but this was all the profit he had made by them; for having been reform'd upon the *Pyrenæan* Peace, and being deſtitute of maintenance, he was forced to accept of the firſt Employ that was propoſed to him; and the Marquiſs *de Florange*'s Father having offered him his houſe, he accordingly liſted himſelf in his Family, as his Gentleman of the Horſe, and to have an eye upon his Son, who was then very young. The Condition was mean for ſuch a man as he; but neceſſity made him paſs over all things. Yet though his Fortune was low, his heart was not the leſs: and indeed he had never loved other than women of Quality, and from the time he firſt ſaw the Marchioneſs, he found he was not proof againſt her Charms. How-

ever, Reſpect kept him ſilent. But the Marquiſs his Commiſſion beginning to ſooth him, he fancied ſome Change might happen in his Fortune; and that he might inſinuate himſelf into the Marchioneſs's good Opinion, he imparted the Order to her he had received from her Husband; and aſſured her that he was more at her Devotion than at any bodies in the world. The Marchioneſs was ſurprized at this Diſcourſe, yet not ſo much for the knowledg it gave her of her Husband's Jealouſie, as for this mans good will. For as he had been a long while with the Marqueſs *de Florange*, and his Father, ſhe could not apprehend how he ſo lightly quitted their Intereſts, to embrace thoſe of a perſon he but lately knew. After that this thought had poſſeſſed her for ſome time, inſtead of gueſſing at what thus byaſſed *Grand Champ*, ſo was the Name of this Domeſtck, ſhe imagined that he

he had perceiv'd her innocence, and had only offered her his ſervice out of compaſſion.

In the mean while, if her Husband had not ſeemed over-amiable to her before this, ſhe then thought him altogether horrible, and at his return from *Paris*, ſhe had all the pain imaginable to endure him. He came back at length towards the end of Summer, which was very bad that year, by reaſon of the continual Rains. The ſucceeding *Autumn* was ſtill more unpleaſant, inſomuch that all the People of Quality in the Countrey, ſeeing the bad weather, talk'd of repairing into the Cities. The greater part went to *Paris*; but the Marquis did not think it convenient to carry his Wife thither, he thinking her of too *Modiſh* an humour. He knew the Husbands were not in ſafety there; eſpecially thoſe that are not over-amiable, and have very lovely Wives. The Marchioneſs expected

to ſpend the Winter in that Town, he having promiſed ſhe ſhould in the beginning of the Summer; but ſeeing he changed his mind, this ſtill help'd to make her hate him the more. Nevertheleſs, as he himſelf did not over-much delight in a Countrey-houſe, he reſolv'd to go into ſome ſmall City, where the influence was not ſo maligne for married people as it might be at *Paris*. His Eſtate lay about *Soiſſons*; and this was the place he choſe in which to recreate himſelf during the bad weather. This Town is ſo pretty, inſomuch that the Marchioneſs lov'd it however better than her Village. No ſooner were they got thither, but that the Kings Army in *Flanders* had Orders to ſeparate, and march away to their Winter-Quarters. Many Officers in their Road to *Paris*, paſſed through *Soiſſons*, and one among the reſt, of an extraordinary merit, and of a very eminent Quality; his Regiment had encamped

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the year a-fore near the Walls of the Town, with five or ſix others, that had ſtaid there for fifteen days, inſomuch that he had ſpent that time in making his Court to a Citizen's Wife; and he came purpoſely to ſee her again, ſhe having not uſed him ſeverely.

After he had ſeen her, knowing *Florange* to be at *Soiſſons* with his Lady, he paid him a Viſit. They had made acquaintance at *Paris* two years before, but had never ſeen the Marchioneſs, though he had heard her highly extolled. He found her Fame was ſtill ſhort of her Beauty and Merit, inſomuch that he could not forbear telling *Florange* what he thought of his Choice. The Marquiſs, though of a temper to be eaſily jealous, was not alarm'd at the praiſes he conferr'd upon his Wife, as knowing Courtiers to be prodigal of them.

The Marchioneſs, on her ſide, liked the Colonel extreamly, and

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was as much charm'd with his good Meen as his Reputation; for he had perform'd Actions in War that had made him very conſpicuous.

The Marquiſs *de Florange* asked him what brought him to *Soiſſons*, becauſe that was not the direct way to go to Court; and as young people have commonly more Vanity than Diſcretion, the Marquiſs *de Mainville*, ſo was this Officer called, own'd ingenuouſly the love he had for the Citizen's Wife, and that ſhe was the cauſe of his little journey. After this ſecret, *Florange* did not wonder to ſee him ſtay ſome time in the City, and the more becauſe that people began already to talk of his Intrigue. As ſoon as the Rumour of it came to the Marchioneſſes ears, ſhe perceiv'd her ſelf vex'd at the Choice he had made, as if ſhe had already intereſſed her ſelf in him. She muſt needs ſee the Woman that had made ſo fine a Conqueſt; but ſhe ſaw her not, ſave with the Eyes

of

of a Rival; for though she was passably beautiful, she found her altogether unworthy of the thoughts of a man of Honour. *Mainville* knew not what passed in his favour in the Marchioness's bosome; but without penetrating into her sentiments, he had such for her, as came very near those she had for him. He found her infinitely lovely, and her Husband, on the contrary, seem'd to him unworthy of possessing her.

He had been told, that he was the most jealous of all men, insomuch that he pitied her, being fallen into the hands of a Person, who so little knew how to relish the happiness he had in possessing so beauteous a Woman. However, though this thought possessed him wholly, he endeavoured to conceal it as much as he could from all the World, for fear of creating Suspicions in the Marquess *de Florange*'s Breast, who after that, would not fail

fail of forbidding him to come to his houſe, or of carrying his Wife back into the Countrey. Thus he reſolved to uſe ſo much Myſtery in his Love, that no body ſhould have the leaſt inckling of it, ſave the Marchioneſs, bounding all his cares to tell her in private what ſhe had kindled in his heart. Thus he for nothing reckon'd the conſtraint he lived in, being well enough ſatisfied, provided he gave no jealouſie to her Huſband. He hoped hereby to render himſelf agreeable to the Marchioneſs, as knowing that Women, above all things, prize Diſcretion. But the Sympathy they had entertained for one another at their firſt enterview, had already produc'd ſo much effect upon her, that there was no need of this addition of Civility, to inſinuate him into her good Opinion. And indeed whatever her Vertue could dictate to her, to ſtifle certain agreeable motions ſhe was ſenſible of in her

her ſelf, upon thinking on him, ſhe could not overcome them. Thus ſhe perceiv'd, that if ſhe meant to preſerve her Innocence, ſhe muſt diſtance her ſelf from a place where ſhe could not ſtay, without running the riſque of being ruin'd. But much ado had ſhe to come to this Reſolution, becauſe nothing is ſo difficult to reject, as agreeable thoughts; but conſidering it to be the only means to ward off the afflictions with which ſhe was threatned, ſhe deſired the Marquis *de Florange*, that he would go to his Countrey-houſe; if not, that he would ſuffer her to go thither without him.

He ask'd her, what could be the cauſe of ſo great a change; and her anſwer was, that the Air of the Town injur'd her, and that that of the Countrey would be much better for her. Yet as ſhe looked well, he thought this to be only a Pretext, and was not over-haſty to grant her her

her requeſt. Beſides, he himſelf hated, as I have ſaid, the Countrey, inſomuch, that for fear of being oblig'd of returning thither, he deſir'd the Marquis *de Mainville* to prevail with her to ſpend the Winter at *Soiſſons*, telling him, that ſhe would ever contribute towards his Diverſion, in caſe he made any ſtay in that Town. *Mainville*, who had hitherto in vain waited for an occaſion to ſpeak to the Marchioneſs in private, was over-joy'd at this which Fortune ſent him. He went at the ſame time into her Chamber, and ſurpriz'd her extreamly by his manner of coming thither; for he was quite out of countenance, and as a man newly labouring under ſome great trouble. She ask'd him, what put him upon coming to ſee her, he that had not been to ſee her ſince he came to Town: and this obliging reproach affording him matter of entring into Diſcourſe, he made her anſwer, that

that it would be eaſie for him to ſatisfie her upon that point, if ſhe would take the trouble of hearing him. Thereupon he acquainted her how paſſionately he had lov'd her from the firſt moment he ſaw her; but that having perceiv'd the jealous humour of her Huſband, he had kept that ſtrict hand upon himſelf, that he believ'd neither he nor ſhe had taken notice of his Paſſion. That *Florange* ſent him thither to diſcourſe her upon buſineſs; but being unable to live any longer without knowing after what manner ſhe would receive the offers of his ſervice, he took that time to ask her, whether ſhe would render him unhappy, that he had blaz'd about his deſign to lye upon another; but that the perſon he had pretended to love, ſerv'd only for a Cover to his real inclinations, ſince he was uncapable of loving any other than her.

Main-

Mainville's Diſcourſe ſeem'd to be extreamly grateful to the Marchioneſs, ſince ſhe was as fervently lov'd by him as ſhe lov'd him; nevertheleſs ſhe fell a weeping, as if he had inform'd her of the Death of all her Friends. So extraordinary a procedure put *Mainville* into an extraordinary ſurprize. He ask'd her, why ſhe griev'd ſo very much; but the more he preſſed her to anſwer him, the more her grief ſeemed to augment. He then fell to eying her from head to foot, fearing ſhe was not over-wiſe. This thought had been capable of curing him; but the Marchioneſs breaking ſilence, told him, he would not wonder at her tears after what ſhe had to acquaint him withal: That ſhe lov'd him as much at leaſt as he could love her; and that this her weakneſs made her fearful: That her Deſign was to maintain her Vertue; but that it was difficult to anſwer for it, when one had

had ſuch an inclination for a perſon, as ſhe had for him. She then inform'd him of the requeſt ſhe had made to her Huſband, of carrying her back to their Countrey-houſe, that ſhe might have the means of ſhunning his ſight; and *Mainville* knew well enough that ſhe ſpoke the truth, ſince he himſelf was encharg'd to divert her from her Reſolution.

As it is natural to flatter ones ſelf, *Mainville*, inſtead of being alarm'd at her Vertue, thought only to thank her for her kind thoughts of him; but the Marchioneſs interrupting him in the midſt of his Diſcourſe, told him roundly, that he was not yet got where he imagined, and that the more ſhe was ſenſible of her weakneſs, the more efforts ſhe was going to uſe never to ſee him again. It is eaſie to imagine, that he attempted to inſpire her with other Sentiments, and exerciſed his utmoſt Wit for that purpoſe; but

but the Marchioneſs was a Woman of Courage, inſomuch that after having left him, ſhe ſent for *Grand-Champ*, to deſire a great ſervice of him. That he had great Credit in her Huſbands good Opinion, and wiſh'd he would employ it ſo, in obtaining his permiſſion for her to return into the Countrey. *Grand-Champ* was ſurpriſed at this Diſcourſe, as knowing the averſion the Marchioneſs had for a ſolitary life. Thus his anſwer was, that ſhe thought not on what ſhe ſaid; and turning her Diſcourſe into Railery, he aſſured her he ſhould ever be ſo careful of her content, as not to procure her a thing as would ſo much accrue to her diſſatisfaction. Then was the Marchioneſs oblig'd to put on her moſt ſerious looks, to let him know that ſhe ſpoke in good earneſt; and at length ſhe did ſo thorowly repreſent to him, that it would be the doing her a kindneſs, that he promiſed her to do all he

could

could with *Florange*, to content her in her desires. The Marchioness in discoursing *Grand-Champ*, was as free in her speech with him, as she might be with a man whose Conversation could not be of any Consequence, insomuch that she chanc'd to say, that she should be as happy with him in a Village, as if she was in the best City in the world. This man did not want a good Opinion of himself, insomuch, that interpreting these words at the foot of the Letter, he thought he was happier than he had imagin'd. He had ever cloak'd his Love with the appearances of Civility and Respect; he then imagin'd, that without being too vain, he might give it less narrow bounds. Thus he resolv'd on the first occasion, to bemoan himself for the Sentiments he had so long entertained for her, not doubting but that the success would be answerable to his hopes.

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The Marchioneſs did from day to day wait for her Huſband's anſwer, when *Grand-Champ*, to cut off what was leaſt neceſſary, told her, that he found it difficult to obtain what ſhe deſired; but that he would not deſiſt however. In the ſpace between the Marchioneſſes requeſt, and *Grand-Champ*'s anſwer, she ſaw the Marquiſs *de Mainville* again; and his Viſits did not help to cure her of her Paſſion. On the contrary, she became ſo ſenſible, that she was afraid, that if theſe Interviews laſted any long time, she should have much a-do at length to reject his perſecutions; for he was too urging. Wherefore she told *Grand-Champ*, that she had a ſecret to truſt him withal, but that being of the utmoſt moment to her, to confide it only in the hands of a man, on whoſe diſcretion she might relie; she would have him firſt ſwear, that he would never ſpeak of it to any body. *Grand-Champ* was pre-

pre-poſſeſſed, as I have ſaid, with a great Opinion of himſelf; and this diſcourſe fully perſwading him of his good fortune, he made a thouſand Oaths of Fidelity to the Marchioneſs, to induce her to declare her ſecret to him. She thereupon told him, that though it was not handſome for a Lady to own her weakneſs, ſhe could not however conceal it any longer, without rendring it remedileſs. That ſhe had an inconceivable confuſion for it; but that he ought rather to pity than blame her; and ſo much the more, as that ſhe uſed her utmoſt endeavours, as that ſhe might have nothing to reproach her ſelf withal: That ſhe was going to unboſom to him, to the very ſecret motions of her heart, that it would be for him to condemn her after this, if he found her culpable.

Hitherto the Marchioneſs had ſaid nothing but what entertained *Grand-Champ* in his fooliſh hopes; but

but when she had declar'd to him the Passion she had for *Mainville*, and that he had for her, he was, for all the world, in as great confusion, as if he had been caught in doing some ill action. *How Madam*, cry'd he, after some moments of silence, *You love the Marquiss* de Mainville! *the Marquess de* Mainville, *who is over head and ears in love with a Citizen's Wife, and who out of Courtship to her, has abandon'd the Care of his Fortune? Yes, I love him*, the Marchioness reply'd faintly, *and my desiring to distance my self from hence, is only for that I am afraid of loving him too much. Many Women in my place, would perhaps contrive the means of seeing him on all occasions; but for my part, I mean to avoid him, because he has a secret Charm, against which I cannot defend my self. Ah Madam! Grand-Champ* reply'd, to whom all these words were as so many stabs into his heart; *seek an other Confident than*

than me; I find not my ſelf proper to render you the ſervice you require of me, and I ſhould deceive you if I had promiſed you. At theſe words he went his way, all tranſported with anger, without vouchſafing to hear her farther. The Marchioneſs did what ſhe could to detain him, being very willing to clear all his ſcruples; but ſhe took her time ill, ſince the rage he was in to ſee himſelf fallen from his hopes, put him into an inconceivable Deſpair.

As he had manifeſted a great deal of Paſſion in the reproaches he had made her, it was no difficult matter for the Marchioneſs to know, that he was *Mainville*'s Rival. She call'd to mind a world of actions that Love had made him commit, which ſhe had not minded before; but which then confirm'd her in the thought ſhe had of him, inſomuch that ſhe was extreamly vexed that ſhe had made him her Confident. However, as there was now

no Remedy, ſhe fell to contriving how to appeaſe him, and fancied ſhe might do it, had he any reaſon left. For ſhe repreſented to her ſelf, that not being Miſtreſs of her own heart, he ought to be ſatisfied with the efforts ſhe made to ſtifle her Paſſion, and with the Reſolution ſhe had taken to withdraw into the Countrey. Said ſhe likewiſe to her ſelf, that if he lov'd her, he would help her to obtain her Huſband's leave for that purpoſe, which she paſſionately deſired, ſo to root out a Love, which all agreeable as it was, yet made her labour under great apprehenſions.

While ſhe was expecting this from *Grand-Champ*'s jealouſie, *Mainville* being allarm'd at the inſtances ſhe made to *Florange*, that ſhe might leave the City, did ſlily inculcate ſuſpicions in the mind of that credulous Huſband; ſometimes telling him, after a drolling manner, that his Wife was in love with ſome or other

other in his Neighbourhood. But *Florange*, who far from being tractable upon that matter, was susceptible of the least thing, conceived such disadvantageous impressions of her Conduct, that when she spoke to him again, of returning to their Countrey-house, he not only deny'd her, but did it after such a disobliging manner, that she was netled to the very heart. At first she had recourse to her fears; but Grief having made room for Resentment, it came into her head, to revenge her self that way he most apprehended. For some time she found a certain pleasure in entertaining her self, with this thought; but her Vertue having got the ascendant, she blusht for having been capable of conceiving a thing to her so disadvantageous.

In a few days after, *Grand Champ* entred her Room with a wild, staring look, and such as suited very much with the state of his Soul. He told

her, that he came to take his leave of her, and that he had at that time such concerns upon his hands, as oblig'd him to be gone. His Complements surpris'd the Marchioness. She endeavoured to divert him from his Resolution, rightly guessing at the occasion; but he made her answer, that he could not stay any longer in a place where he should have daily before his Eyes, a Rack a thousand times more cruel than Death it self. That after what she had told him, as he knew the effects of Love, he did not doubt but that the passion she had for the Marquis *de Mainville*, would rather augment than diminish; that he foresaw strange Consequences, not that he suspected her of being ever wanting to her Vertue, but out of the knowledge he had of her Husband's jealous humour, who would be over-joy'd to find a Pretext to use her ill.

Thus did *Grand-Champ*, under fine appearances, conceal the real Cause

Cauſe of his diſcontent: for it was only Jealouſie that induc'd him to deſire to be gone. In the mean while he put a thouſand fears into the Marchioneſſes head, by the miſfortunes with which he threatned her: and if the love ſhe had for *Mainville*, had not already been very violent, his Diſcourſe had been capable of clearing her heart of it intirely. She could have wiſh'd it had been in her power ſo to have done. And indeed that ſhe might have a perſon to ſuſtain her ſtaggering Vertue, ſhe conjur'd *Grand-Champ* not to abandon her in her preſent Condition, promiſing him to do all things imaginable to overcome her weakneſs. *You'l ſee*, ſaid ſhe to him, *that the love I have for* Mainville, *is not an effect of my inclination; and that one's Star may be rectify'd, when it would hurry us into the precipice againſt our wills. And indeed to what uſe would our reaſon be, if we cannot put it in practice*

when we have need of it? and without this, what difference would there be between Men and Beasts?

Grand-Champ was so troubled, that he could hardly understand one bare word of what the Marchioness said; but seeing she pres'd him a-new to give her answer: *What would ye have me tell you, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *and will you force me, willy nilly, to own my Crime t' ye? I am as culpable as unfortunate; I know what I am, and what you are; and the knowledge I have of both, has not hindred me from loving you. I adore you, since I must needs tell you so, and you adore the Marquis* de Mainville. *After this, the only course for me, is to distance my self from hence; and tho you should pardon me the excess of my temerity, I could not pardon my self for it, and for having dar'd to love you, without being capable of exciting the same flames in you as you have excited in me. An other inspires you with*

with thoſe agreeable movements, which I would make you ſenſible of at the coſt of my life. Thus it is no longer pleaſant to me, ſince I have nothing more to hope. At theſe words he would have gone his ways, without ſtaying for an anſwer; but the Marchioneſs re-calling him, made him turn his Head againſt his will; and he obſerv'd an inconceivable grief in her face. *What would ye have of me, Madam*, he then retorted, with an air wherein Love and Deſpair did equally appear? *Would ye have me ſuffer here all that is moſt cruel for man to ſuffer? That I ſee every day before me the moſt lovely Lady living, without daring to lift up my Eyes to her: Thus I contemplate the love I have for the Marquis* de Mainville, *and that inſenſible to the one or other, I lead out the moſt languiſhing life in the world: No, Madam, you ought not to oblige me to this: you your ſelf would be a loſer, in ſuffering ſuch a Wretch as I*

am, to dare to tell you, that he loves you; and though you could bear with it, yet it would not eaſe me; I ſhould have ever before my Eyes the Marquis de Mainville's *happineſs; and perhaps that believing my ſelf as worthy of being belov'd as he, notwithſtanding the difference there is between our Fortune, I ſhould tell you things as might diſpleaſe you. It is better for me all at once to diſtance my ſelf from the moſt amiable perſon breathing; and though it coſt me my Life, Death will be more pleaſant to me than a ſight that will make me die every moment.* At theſe words he would again have been going, but the Marchioneſs holding him by the arm, told him, that if he was minded to oblige her, he would ſtill ſtay with her Huſband: That ſhe bore him not ſo much ill will for his temerity, as ſhe might have done at an other time, becauſe ſhe her ſelf knew the power of Love. That as to the reſt, ſhe was willing to forget all things, provided

vinced he promis'd her never to speak to her of his Passion. That Reason must govern him, as she promis'd him to let it govern her self. That she would have him to be a Witness of the efforts she was going to make, to drive *Mainville* out of her heart; and that if she could not effect that, he would, at least, be with her to mind her of her Vertue.

In fine, as it is impossible to resist what one loves, *Grand-Champ* could not decline obeying the Marchioness, and continued to stay with *Florange*. Nevertheless if she had so much indulgence for him, it was not without very powerful reasons. She consider'd, that the excess of his Despair might prompt him to reveal her secret, and that it would be better for her to constrain her self, than be expos'd to the anger of a Lover, who had just occasion to complain. On the other side, as her design was to be vertuous, she

imagin'd that *Grand-Champ*'s presence would be capable of keeping her in, and that narrowly watching her actions, she should be asham'd after what she had told him, of manifesting any Weakness.

Thus while she was studying all possible means for her security, *Mainville* omitted nothing of what might give a happy success to his Love. He from time to time found the means of discoursing the Marchioness; and his Conversation ruin'd that Ladies Projects. She daily discover'd some new Quality in him, as render'd the Vice less hideous to her, insomuch that she was no longer so very desirous to return into the Countrey.

Florange, all jealous as he was, perceiv'd nothing as yet; but the Citizen's Wife, whom *Mainville* had courted before, finding him more faint than ordinary, examin'd the Cause of it, and was not long without detecting it. Her Rage, upon

upon this, was extream; and she was upon the point of letting her jealouſie break out, without conſidering she should injure her ſelf as much as the Marchioneſs. However, ſtill fearing to be deceiv'd, she would have new Proofs of her Lover's Infidelity, before she proceeded to Reproaches againſt him, and to Invectives againſt her Rival.

This Citt, though not of Quality, did nevertheleſs make ſome Figure in the Town, as being very rich, and paſſably handſome. She was one in all the Merry-meetings of that place; and the ſeaſon of the Carnival then requiring people to be in Diſguiſe, as is the Cuſtom, *Florange* deſir'd her to make one in a Maſquerade, which *Mainville*, and his Wife were to be of. And that they might be the finer, they ſent for Cloaths from *Paris*, ſix for Men, and ſix for Women. They were all alike, and ſuited well enough with

an Entry. They meant to dance at the Wedding of a very pretty Maid, that was to be very ſuddenly married. That Day being accordingly come, they procur'd the admiration of all the Company, who were not wont to ſee people that danc'd ſo well as did *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs *de Florange*. After they had danc'd, theſe Lovers plac'd themſelves by one another, and *Mainville*, on whom the Citt had her Eyes fixt, having careſs'd the Marchioneſs a little too much, it is difficult to expreſs her vexation on that account. Being tranſported with anger, she went inſtantly to make a thouſand Reproaches to that perfidious man; but having met in the way a female friend of hers, that ſtopp'd her, she neither found *Mainville*, nor the Marchioneſs, who had left their places to take others. She endeavour'd to find them out in the Crowd, and the Reſemblance of Cloaths deceiving her, she ſaid to

Flo-

Florange, whom she took for *Mainville*, *You betray me, Marquis, but I'le be reveng'd on Madam* de Florange, *though I were to die a moment after.* *Florange* knew the Citts voice again, and her Discourse making an impression upon his Mind, that was but too susceptible of jealousie, he made way into the Crowd, without giving her one word of answer. The Citizen's Wife's Rage was inconceivable in this occasion; She imagin'd her self absolutely slighted, by the manner of his leaving her, and wish'd she could extinguish her passion in a moment; but not being able to effect that, she turn'd all her thoughts to revenge.

In the mean while *Mainville* and the Marchioness being ignorant of what pass'd, did in a Corner enjoy one another's Conversation, without dreaming, that love was preparing them any trouble. *Florange* sought 'em over all, and finding them stept aside, he perceiv'd his

Fury

Fury to re-double. He had open'd his Mouth to ask them what they did there; but conſidering that the Buſſle he might make, would retort upon himſelf, he made ſemblance of being ill, that he might have a pretence to go home. When he was come to his houſe, he bid his Wife prepare to leave *Soiſſons* on the morrow morning. She ask'd him the reaſon; but without vouchſafing to ſpecifie any thing, he contented himſelf with letting her know, that he was not ſatisfy'd with her Conduct. She did not cloſe her Eyes all the Night long, making however leſs reflection on *Florange*'s anger, than on *Mainville*'s cruel ſeparation, ſhe beginning to love him more than her own Life. She lay contriving the means to bid him adieu; but not knowing how to do that, ſhe reſolved to write to him as ſoon as it was day. In effect, ſhe was already thinking of having Pen and Paper, when a new Diſquiet did utterly con-

confound her Repoſe. She knew not with whom to truſt her Letter, and thereby plainly ſaw, that it would be to no purpoſe for her to write. The day being come, ſhe began to ſlumber, when her Huſband told her, that for a perſon that was to take a journey, it became her not to ſleep ſo late. Whereupon he made her get out of Bed; after which he went into her Cloſet, and took thence her Ink and Paper, ſaying, that he muſt riſle her of her Courtſhip, and deprive her of the means of letting her Lover hear from her.

The Marchioneſs look'd upon him then after a ſcornful manner, without making him any reply; but ſhe loſt all her firmneſs when ſhe was to take Coach; then did ſhe revolve *Mainville*'s Deſpondency in her Mind, when he came to know of her Departure; and her Lover's Affliction affected her more than her own Grief. However, as Love becomes

the

the stronger by persecution, she quickly perceiv'd that she lov'd him more than she had ever yet lov'd any body. After she was come to their Countrey house, her Husband suspecting that she would not rest so contented, if the Love she had for *Mainville* was in any wise strong, he left her neither Ink nor Paper, besides forbidding his people to give her any, though she ask'd for it.

While all this pass'd in this manner, *Mainville* dreaming of nothing less than of what had happen'd, sent a *How d' ye* to *Florange*'s Lodgings. The man he had encharg'd with this Message being return'd thence, and having brought him back word, that he was gone that morning with his Wife, to return to his own house, surpriz'd him extreamly. He would believe nothing of it at first, but it having been confirm'd to him from another hand, he presently judg'd, that so sudden a departure was the effect of *Florange*'s Jealousie. He like-

likewiſe fancy'd, that there was only himſelf in the Town that he could fix it upon. Thus he rejected his firſt thoughts, which ſuggeſted to him to run after his Miſtreſs. Then ſeeing that it would be to no purpoſe for him to ſtay any longer at *Soiſſons*, he reſolv'd to be gone to *Paris*, whence he had a deſign to ſend a man on purpoſe to the Marchioneſs. As he was juſt ready to take Horſe, the Citizen's Wife came to his Lodgings, all tranſported with Fury; for ſhe had newly been told, that he was juſt a going, without ſo much as bidding her farewell. She upbraided him with what ſhe had done for him, and his little acknowledgment for all, and forgot not to ſpeak of what had paſs'd the Evening before, accuſing him of being the moſt ungrateful of all men, in not vouchſafing ſo much as to take the pains to undeceive her. *Mainville* being ſurpriz'd at this reproach, which he did not think he had incurr'd,

curr'd, caus'd the thing to be explain'd to him at length; and seeing that the Citt's mistake had occasion'd *Florange's* Jealousie, he made her no great reparation for his Coldness; and on the contrary, treated her with sufficient Contempt. After having dismiss'd her, he departed the Town, on the Road thinking only of the Marchioness, who on her side was only taken up with his remembrance. For without otherwise minding her Husband's rigours, who treated her with sufficient indignity, and who had her watch'd by five or six persons, to whom he had not been asham'd to discover his Weakness; she wish'd for nothing else than to know what was become of *Mainville*. Thus all her thoughts only tending that way, she took a Resolution difficult to form, but which was a strong Proof of her Love. For forgetting all the allarms she had had by having confided her secret in *Grand-Champ*, she conceiv'd a design

to

to make uſe of him to be the *Go-between* of her and *Mainville*, and to let him hear from her. She knew not however what courſe to take to exact this Service from him, after what ſhe had ſaid to him; for ſhe dreaded his Reproaches. At length Love being ſtronger in her than any other Conſideration, ſhe conjur'd him, with Tears in her Eyes, to free her out of pain, and carry a Letter to her Lover. *You love me, Grand-Champ*, ſaid ſhe to him, *and I ſhall be glad to know it in this Occaſion. You'l make me die of Grief, if you refuſe me: whereas you'l reſtore me to Life by doing me this Service. It will coſt me mine, Madam*, anſwer'd *Grand-Champ* immediately, *and you have the cruelty, to deſire that I ſhould die the moſt cruel Death imaginable. But no matter, ſince this muſt oblige you, it is for me to obey you without reply.*

After ſhe had thus got his conſent, ſhe ask'd him for Paper and Ink; which he was oblig'd to furniſh her withal

withal accordingly. When she had writ her Letter, she gave it him, begging him to make dispatch, that so *Mainville* might receive it before he arriv'd at *Paris*, whither she suspected him to be going. *Grand-Champ*, all pierc'd with Grief, took it from her hands, and pretending some business, that he might get *Florange*'s leave, he mounted on Horse-back, and overtook *Mainville* half way. *Mainville*, whom the Marchioness had made the Confident of *Grand-Champ*'s Love, trembled at her rashness in trusting him with a matter of this consequence; but at the same time admiring the fidelity of this Domestick, he would needs embrace him, and speak the sence he had of so generous an action. But *Grand-Champ* retiring two steps back, to avoid his Caresses, told him, that far from assuring him, that he was his Servant, he would frankly tell him, that there was not a man in the World, that he hated more

than

than him; that he was well enough acquainted with the reaſon; and that if he had ſtoop'd ſo far as to deliver him a Letter from the Marchioneſs, he thought him poſſeſs'd of ſo much delicacy, as not to confound the Character of a paſſionate Lover, with that of an Unfortunate Rival: That he might judge of his Love by the inſtance he had newly giv'n of it, and the more this Love was violent, the more the effects of it were to be feared.

Mainville took no notice that he heard his Menaces: and indeed far from ſhewing any reſentment, he did what he could to gain ſo generous a man, offering him a World of fine things, as of advancing him in War, and ſerving him with all his Credit. But all theſe Promiſes did not work upon *Grand-Champ*, to do any thing that was low, maintaining his generoſity to the laſt. After this *Mainville* made anſwer to the Marchioneſs, and put his Letter into the hands

hands of this Domeſtick. She had ſent him Word in hers, of what had been the Occaſion of her Departure, and how out of the deſire ſhe had to ſee him again, ſhe would rather feign ſome illneſs, that ſhe might go to the Waters of *Bourbon*. She was overjoy'd to hear, that *Mainville* would on his ſide be there; for ſo he aſſur'd her by his Letter, inſomuch that ſhe only diſcours'd *Grand-Champ* of her impatience till the ſeaſon of the Waters was come. *The time betwixt this and that*, ſaid ſhe to him, *will laſt me a thouſand years, and out of the fondneſs I am under, of ſeeing him again, there will not be a day but will ſeem longer than whole years to me. I own that hopes will in ſome manner eaſe my pain; but whatever Bleſſing I expect from ſo dear a ſight, I ſhall purchaſe it dearly by the uneaſineſſes I am going to be under, for fear he ſhould fail his Word.* *Grand-Champ*, continu'd ſhe, *May not the King march to his*

Con-

Conqueſts in the time of Waters, and doſt thou think that Mainville *can diſpence himſelf from following him? Honour is a thing very nice in the Soul of a Man of Quality, and I am undone, if* Mainville *prefers it before his Love.*

Grand-Champ hearken'd to all this with a Countenance wherein Deſpair and Rage ſeem'd to triumph over his Paſſion. Nay, and ſometimes was he juſt ready to load her with Reproaches, if by a return very uſual with Lovers, he had not been more afraid of vexing her than of any thing elſe. However being no longer able to ſtay in the preſence of a Woman that ſet him a raving mad, he went his ways without ſaying a word to her. But ſhe was ſo poſſeſs'd with her Reflexions, that ſhe did not ſo much as take notice of what was become of him.

When it was at length the ſeaſon of drinking the Waters, ſhe ask'd her

her Husband leave to go thither, and he could not handſomely refuſe her, becauſe ſhe had pretended to be ſick, having beſides ſlily engag'd the Phyſicians to ſay that ſhe ſtood in need of them for her recovery. Nevertheleſs *Florange* being reſolv'd not to leave her one ſtep, made ſemblance on his ſide, that the Waters would be good for him, and went along with her. The Marchioneſſes ſpite was extraordinary in this Occaſion, and if ſhe had durſt, ſhe had let it fly out to ſtrange Extremities. She then fell to thinking how to break off this Journey; but making reflexion, that ſo doing would but too clearly manifeſt her Intrigue, ſhe reſolv'd to advertiſe *Mainville* of what occur'd, that he might take his meaſures for his ſeeing her on the Road.

Grand-Champ was again encharg'd to carry him this News; and having accordingly done it with the ſame fidelity

fidelity he had exerted the time before, *Mainville* took Horſe for *Montargis*, and ſtay'd in the beſt Inn, where the Marchioneſs had writ him word ſhe was to lodg. Nevertheleſs he had no other Train than a *Valet de Chambre*; and for the obviating all ſuſpicion, in caſe he ſtaid there any time, he pretended to be ſick, that he might at freedom wait the Marchioneſſes coming. Two days after, ſhe arriv'd there with her Huſband; and no ſooner was ſhe alighted, but that ſhe gave *Grand-Champ* order to acquaint *Mainville*, that ſhe was deſirous to ſee him. *Mainville* told *Grand-Champ*, that could not be till after her Husband was gone to Bed; and as the Marchioneſs did not lie with him, they would have all ſort of leiſure of converſing together. When *Grand-Champ* had giv'n this account to the Marchioneſs, *Ah my God!* cry'd ſhe, *That's impoſſible: How ſee me by Night? That's ſeek-*

ing his own ruin, and the ruining of my ſelf. What would Florange *ſay if he came to know it? and would there after that be any mercy for me? What ſay you,* Grand-Champ? *give me good advice in this matter.* Grand-Champ, being enrag'd at what he did, and what he was ſtill oblig'd to hear, anſwer'd not a word; but ſeeing that ſhe preſs'd him to tell her his Opinion; *How, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *Ought you not to be ſatisfy'd with what I here do, but you muſt needs conſtrain me to diſcourſe you upon a thing of this nature? And to what purpoſe would it be for me to diſſwade you from ſeeing the Marquis* de Mainville, *ſince you will not follow my advice? Why will I not follow it,* the Marchioneſs anſwer'd; *and ſhould I not be glad, that you would let me ſee that it was impoſſible to afford him this ſatisfaction. No, Madam, it is not impoſſible,* reply'd Grand-Champ, *ſince that you doubt*

of

of it, and you will infallibly see him in your Chamber, since you only deliberate to know whether the thing be feasible or not. I thought you would have declin'd it out of fear of wounding your honour; but the happy Marquis triumphs over your Scruples. You at first told me, you meant to shun him, with such a World of Precaution; and now you are no longer afraid of singling him out to a private Rendezvouze. Ah, Grand-Champ, *you are mistaken,* the Marchioness answer'd, *and if he comes into my Chamber, I mean not, that you shall go one step from me, that so you your self may be a Witness, that nothing shall there pass, but what's honest; and that though I be wanting to Decency, I at least am not wanting to Virtue. No, 'tis you that are mistaken, Madam,* cry'd *Grand-Champ, if you believe you can be wanting to Decorum, without being wanting to Virtue; for there is such a connexion between them two, that a person can no longer be said to*

be innocent, when she has once fail'd in her Conduct. It is for you to make reflexion thereupon; and if it proves my misfortune, that my Remonstrances will nothing avail, you need only say what you desire of me: I will still bring, if you order me, this happy Lover, into your very Chamber; but do not oblige me to be present at a Conversation that would make me mad.

As soon as *Grand Champ* had made her these offers, she took him at his Word, conjuring him to pay her this Service. She no longer insisted for him to be present in the Room with *Mainville*; and this Circumstance cast him into the utmost Despondency; for he fram'd such things in his imagination as she did not in the least dream of; and which his Jealousie nevertheless made him think to be real. The Marchioness's Chamber was at the end of a Gallery; and there was a kind of *Anti-chamber*, where *Grand-*

Champ

Champ had Orders to lye. The Marquis *de Florange* having commanded him to watch his Wife's Conduct ſo narrowly, as that he might be able to give an exact account of it. Thus it lay in his power to let in whom he pleas'd; and the exceſs of his love requiring him to pay this Service to his Rival, he introduc'd him into the Marchioneſſes Chamber, and ſhut the door upon them. While *Mainville* was there, an Adventure happen'd in the Inn, that made them both more than a little uneaſie. One of the Servants being in Love with the Maid, and fancying he had perceiv'd ſome Bowels of kindneſs in her towards him, he ſtole ſoftly into her Chamber, and made her ſtart out of her ſleep. This Wench being honeſt, beyond what is ordinary in thoſe of her ſtamp, being to the higheſt degree ſurpriz'd at his inſolence, gave then a great Scream, which put all the houſe into allarum. The Mar-

quis *de Florange* awak'd at this noiſe, as well as the reſt, and having heard how the caſe ſtood, he was heard to cry out aloud, *kill him, kill him.* For he had a natural averſion for all thoſe that endeavour'd to debauch other mens Wives; fearing, that if he appear'd indulgent upon the Article, it might give ſome Gallant the Boldneſs to ſparkle it to his. His Voice immediately ſtruck *Mainville's* and the Marchioneſſes Ears; and *Mainville* thinking it was him he meant, drew his Sword at the ſame time, telling the Marchioneſs, that it would not be ſo eaſie a matter as was imagin'd, to take away his Life. At theſe Words he broke out of her Arms, that graſp'd him tenderly, as if ſhe meant to bid him a laſt farewell, and ruſhing out of the Chamber, he ran towards the place where he heard *Florange* a talking. When he was got to the end of the Gallery, he perceiv'd him in his Night-Gown, by the Light of a

Candle,

Candle, which a Lacquey held before him. This Lackquey no sooner saw *Mainville*'s Sword glitter, but that he let fall the Candle out of fear, at the same time giving a dismal Schriek. *Florange*, for his part made haste into his Chamber, having likewise perceiv'd the Sword; insomuch that *Mainville* finding no body to dispute the passage with him, he entred his own Room, without *Florange*'s being able to say, who had put him to so great a fright.

In the mean while the Marchioness being under a most doleful disquiet for what would happen to *Mainville*, went out into the Gallery to listen; but coming to know, that the noise that had been made in the Inn, had been occasion'd by the Man and Maids Adventure; and hearing no talk of her Lover, she dispers'd her fears. After this *Grand-Champ* advis'd her to go to Bed, that if her Husband should by chance come into her Chamber, he might

not ask why ſhe had ſate up ſo late. Hardly was ſhe undreſs'd, but that *Florange*, who had had time to call all his People to his ſuccours, came, and knock'd at her Door, with ſuch a noiſe, that a body would have ſaid, he meant to break it open. *Grand-Champ* went and open'd it; and the firſt thing *Florange* ask'd him, was, if a man did not go out of his Chamber with his Sword in his hand. He made him anſwer, that no body could go out there, ſince the Door had been always ſhut, and that if he had not heard his Voice, he would not have open'd it. After this, *Florange* knock'd at his Wife's Chamber-door; and there ſhe made him wait for ſome time, to make him believe that ſhe was in a deep ſleep. At laſt ſhe made ſemblance of awaking her Woman, that was a Confident of her Intrigue, and who had been preſent all the while *Mainville* ſtaid with her. *Florange* tax'd 'em both with their ſleeping ſo faſt,

fast, after they had assur'd him, they heard not the least of all the noise that had been made in the Inn.

As soon as *Florange* had left his Wife, he made reflexion upon the Vision he had had of the Sword, and relying upon what *Grand-Champ* had said to him, he fancy'd the man to have come out of some of the next Chambers to that of the Marchioness. Thus all was appeas'd in the Inn; after which all fell asleep again, as if nothing had happen'd. There was only *Mainville*, the Marchioness, and *Grand-Champ*, that could not be of those that tasted of Rest; for their Amour furnish'd them with sufficient matter of anxiety. As for *Grand-Champ*, it is easie to judge he was over-whelm'd with grief, and that he could not think of his cruel Destiny, without believing himself the most unfortunate of all men. As to *Mainville* and the Marchioness, though they

ought to be satisfy'd, being sure of one anothers Love, yet they had great cause of vexation. They had hop'd to have enjoy'd one anothers Company for a whole Night together, and an unhappy Adventure of a Man and a Maid, had disappointed their hopes. Besides, they knew not when they might see one another again; for as they had not had the leisure to take their measures together, *Mainville* was upon the point of returning to the Army, and the danger he was going to run, did extraordinarily allarum his Mistress.

The Day being come, *Florange* and his Wife continued their way; and being arriv'd at *Bourbon*, they took the Waters, of which they had no great need. But as it is not the same thing with those Waters, as with the Water of the *Seine*, which one may drink of, without fear of injuring ones self, they spoil'd their Stomacks, either that they had already

ready a Diſpoſition thereunto, or that God thought fitting to puniſh them for feigning to be ſick. Their Indiſpoſition began with a great Indigeſtion, which at firſt hinder'd them from ſleeping, and a *Fever* coming thereupon, it was fear'd this Malady might have ill Conſequences. Thus for prevention, they had recourſe to the moſt able Phyſicians; but they exhauſted their whole Knowledg, without giving any eaſe to their Patients. This occaſion'd their Friends to begin to deſpair of their Health. The Marquis *de Mainville* was then at the Army, whither he went after the adventure of *Monturgis*. The Marchioneſs, thinking her ſelf at the Extremity, ſignify'd to him the ſtate ſhe was in; and he had no ſooner learnt this ill News, but that he reſolv'd to go ſee her, let what would come on't. There was no room for his deſiring leave. The King granted none: Wherefore he pretended himſelf ſick, that he might

have

have a pretence to be carry'd into a Neighbouring Town. As ſoon as he was there arriv'd, he won the heart of his Landlord, and of a Phyſician, and prevail'd with them to give out, that he was in great danger; inſomuch, that when any one came to pay him a Viſit, they ſaid, he was not to be ſeen, by reaſon of the Violence of his Diſtemper. His Servants had alſo Order to remain bare-headed in his Room, and when any Perſons came to enquire after his Health, they made them anſwer ſoftly at the Door, as if they had been afraid of diſturbing his Head. In the mean while *Mainville* having taken his meaſures thus well, went away Poſt in the dusk of the Evening, and repair'd to *Paris*, where the Marchioneſs *de Florange* was ſick. He ſaw her by *Grand Champ*'s means, and found her in better Health than he expected. For her Diſtemper, when juſt upon the point of tumbling her into

to her Grave, was diminiſh'd all on the ſudden; and but that her looks ſpoke her to have been ill, a man would hardly have believ'd it, ſo well was ſhe recover'd. The Marchioneſſes joy was great, to ſee ſo ſignal an inſtance of her Lover's Paſſion. She embrac'd him with an extraordinary tenderneſs, and by inſatiable Careſſes, teſtify'd ſhe could never ſufficiently expreſs her acknowledgment.

Mainville, who was as fooliſh as are all people that are in Love, was charm'd with her affection, and neglected his Duty; inſomuch that he was now but little afraid of his Cheat coming to be detected. Thus giving all his Thoughts, and all his Cares to his Miſtreſs, his contrivance lay only how to be daily with her; in which he found nevertheleſs ſome difficulty, becauſe that *Grand-Champ* was to depart that very Evening, to go into *Picardy*, whither he was ſent by *Florange*. Nevertheleſs, to re-

return after having ſeen her but once, was a thing he could not reſolve on, finding he had hazarded too much to have ſuch ſcanty ſatisfaction. In fine, after having one while liſten'd to his Reaſon, which adviz'd him to return to the Army, and another while his Paſſion, that thwarted thoſe Intentions, this latter got the Aſcendant, and he ſtudy'd the means of getting to ſpeak, at leaſt once again with his Miſtreſs, For that purpoſe he dreſs'd himſelf up as a Phyſician, and under that Habit he had free admittance into her Chamber, without needing any body to introduce him. Though that his Features were too deeply engrav'd in the Marchioneſſes mind, for her to miſtake him, yet the ſurpriſe of that Lady was extream, when he took her by the Arm, to feel her Pulſe. She immediately dimiſs'd all the Servants out of the Room, except her Woman, whom ſhe did not ſuſpect. Then giving

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Mainville a ſtrong Reprimand, for expoſing himſelf and her too to ſuch a danger, ſhe forbid him to venture ſo again, telling him, that he ought, at leaſt, to advertiſe her of his Diſguiſe, to prevent her firſt ſurpriſe. *Mainville* excus'd himſelf the beſt he could, rejecting all upon his Love, and upon his not having known that *Grand Champ* was to be gone till after he had left her. After this Converſation, they began an other, extreamly tender; and as they were going to engage deeply into amorous ſoftneſſes, the Marchioneſſes uſual Phyſician came in, who was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find an other Phyſician at the ſick Beauties Beds-head. His Cheeks glow'd for meer anger, thinking that he was ſlighted. He ask'd *Mainville*, by whoſe Order he came thither, he whom he did not know to be of the Faculty of *Paris*. *Mainville* was ſtrangely *non plus'd* at his Queſtion, ſeeing how furi-

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ous he was upon the matter: But making a Vertue of Neceſſity, he reply'd, that he went no where without being ſent for: That though he was not of the Faculty of *Paris*, yet he was not the leſs expert; and that the Phyſicians of *Montpelier* did in nothing come ſhort of all the Phyſicians of the Kingdom.

There is a certain Antipathy between the Phyſicians of *Paris*, and thoſe of *Montpelier*, inſomuch that this Diſcourſe ſtill augmented the uſual Phyſician's Reſentment. He took fire at the ſame time, and after having diſcharg'd his Choler againſt this new Doctor, he told the Marchioneſs, that ſince ſhe put ſo much Confidence in an ignorant Fellow, ſhe might make uſe of him, and that it was the laſt time he would viſit her. Nevertheleſs, upon his going away, he went to *Florange's* Chamber, where his heart being full of what had befallen him, he complain'd

plain'd of the Affront that was done him. *Florange* was ſtill very ſick, being nothing ſo near his recovery as his Wife was to hers. For he had ſtill daily Tranſports in his Brain, that made him rave; but being the moſt jealous of all men, he immediately diſtruſted the *Montpelier* Phyſician, and to ſee if he was not miſtaken, he at the ſame time took his Night-Gown, and went into his Wives Chamber. On the way he told the Doctor, that it was for his ſake that he took this pains, as being willing to conceal his Jealouſie. The Doctor was ſo tranſported with Anger, that he made not any effort to hinder him; and though he knew well enough in his mind, that ſtirring out of his Bed did not befit his preſent Circumſtances, yet he was over-joy'd that he had this ſatisfaction given him. *He'l be your Death*, ſaid he to him as they went along, *if you make uſe of him. He is but a meer Quack*, and

and that you'l preſently perceive by his Meen. As he entertain'd him with ſuch like Diſcourſes, to animate him the more, they entred the Marchioneſſes Chamber; and *Florange*'s ſurpriſe was extraordinary, when he found that the Phyſician of *Montpelier*, and the Marquis *de Mainville*, were but one and the ſame thing. *How*, cry'd he at the ſame time, *the Marquis* de Mainville *is turn'd Doctor! How can that be, and ſince when is this* Metamorphoſis? *I muſt be reveng'd, and offer up to my reſentment a Friend that ruines me, and triumphs over my Honour.* At this Name of *Mainville*, which was univerſally known, the true Phyſician remain'd as much confounded as *Florange:* for he then plainly ſaw he had committed a great miſtake, in diſcovering what but for him had been conceal'd. He trembled for fear, knowing how dangerous it was to incur the Indignation of a man of that Conſequence,

ſequence ; Wherefore he would have given all he had to have retriev'd the Blunder he had made.

On the other ſide, *Mainville* and his Miſtreſs were no leſs afraid than the Doctor ; but Love, which was the firſt cauſe of this Diſorder, ſince it was it that had induc'd *Mainville* to put himſelf into a Diſguiſe, ſuggeſted a thing to *Mainville*, that freed them both out of perplexity. He began to ſeize upon the Marquis *de Florange*, crying, that his Frenzy took him, and that if they did not carry him back to Bed, it was capable of being his Death. He at the ſame time trode upon the Phyſician's Foot ; and he underſtanding what this meant, joyn'd with him to make the poor *Florange* believe, that he was very ill. *Good Lord ! what a furious tranſport*, cry'd the Doctor at the ſame time, *to take a Phyſician for a Marquis, and to ſuſpect him alſo of attempting upon his Honour. My Lord, you muſt drink*

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a refreſhing Ptiſanne, or elſe you are a loſt man. Florange was terribly enrag'd at this Diſcourſe, as not over-well knowing whether he rav'd or not. However, the two Phyſicians, his Wife, and her Woman, ceas'd not dragging of him into his own Room, and putting him to Bed again in ſpight of his teeth. Then had he a real Phrenzy, holding a thouſand extravagant Diſcourſes. The Phyſician of *Montpelier* took that time to bid the Company farewel; and the Marchioneſs ſaw him depart with leſs regret; judging, that after what had happen'd, it would be putting him into too evident a danger, and her ſelf too for to detain him.

When *Mainville* was gone away, he went to his Houſe who writes the *Gazet*; where in conſideration of ſome money, he had inſerted, that he was extream ſick in the Town where he was thought to be,

and

and that there was no longer any hopes of his Life. From thence he went to *Florange*'s Phyſician, to whom he ſaid, that he pardon'd him for having hamper'd him in ſo unlucky a buſineſs, provided he would maintain to the very laſt, what he had ſo well began. He thereupon acquainted him with what he had newly done, that ſo he might diſabuſe *Florange*, if he continued to affirm, that he was paulm'd upon by his Wife. He told him, that the *Gazet* was to be vended the next day throughout the City, and that this fell out very pat for their purpoſe. After this, he went his ways for the Army, where there was not the leaſt ſuſpicion of all the Pranks he came from playing. *Florange*'s Fit went away, having laſted full Fourteen Hours. He ſent for a Kinſman of his Wives, to whom he made his Complaints upon what had befallen him the Evening before, telling him,

him, that he could not keep her after this. This man, who by chance, had read the *Gazet* in the morning, and knew besides that *Florange* had raved all the Night, imagin'd at his hearing him talk of *Mainville*, that he was still in his raving Fit. Thus without answering to his Discourse, he told him, that he was only to be fed with good Broths, that so he might be brought to his right Senses, and his Head setled. But *Florange* bursting out into anger; *My Head*, said he to him, *is too sick ever to be setled; and I wonder that you, who are my Relation, as well as Madam* de Florange's, *would make me believe, that I am a Visionary fellow. You are so in truth, if there ever was one*, this Kinsman answer'd, *to conceive a jealousie of a man, who at this hour is not perhaps alive.* Mainville *has been sick a long time, and the state he is in, does with a Vengeance hinder him from thinking*

of

Wife. Take my Word, Cou-
, if you mean to fall out with her; uſe at leaſt a more probable pretext than this; for you'l have no body on your ſide, as long as you have this only to ſay againſt her. Thereupon the wonted Phyſician entred, who had provided himſelf with a *Gazet*; and *Florange* going to take him for Witneſs, that he affirm'd nothing but what was true, had the confuſion to ſee himſelf ſtill accus'd of raving. *You think not of what you ſay, My Lord,* ſaid this Phyſician to him; *'tis the Remains of your Diſtemper that make you talk in this manner: The Marquis* de Mainville *lies at the utmoſt extremity; and if he dies, it will be a great loſs to his Family.* Thereupon he took the *Gazet* out of his Pocket, and read aloud the Article concerning this Marquis. After this he highly extoll'd his Noble Actions; adding, that he might have puſh'd on his

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Fortune much farther, but [illegible] hasty a Death. *Florange's* confusion was great, after reading of the *Gazet*. He began to believe, that the violence of his Malady was the occasion of his Suspicions; and after having more and more confirm'd himself in this Opinion, because that his Kinsman, and the Physician, still continued to tell him the same thing, at length he was so well perswaded, that he ask'd the former pardon for the Complaints he had made to him.

The Marchioness had been thitherto under extraordinary fear; but being inform'd by her Physician, that her Husband began to repent of his having tax'd her, she quickly dismiss'd her apprehensions. The rest of the Summer was spent without furnishing her with any other Adventure; and her Husband being quite out of danger, she went along with him to their Countrey-house. About the

be

beginning of *Autumn* they took a journey to our Lady of *Lieſſe*, in acknowledgment of their Recovery; and Devotion having ſpirited *Mainville* to go thither at his return from the Campaign, he accidentally met them as they were in the Church. *Mainville* made no ſcruple of accoſting *Florange*, twitting him with his going from *Soiſſons* without bidding him adieu. *Florange* was in a rage, that he was oblig'd to ſuffer his Converſation: Thus he receiv'd him coldly: but *Mainville* having perceiv'd it, made as if he had urgent Buſineſs; inſomuch that he himſelf freed him out of perplexity, by re-mounting on Horſe back. By this means he had not time to diſcourſe the Marchioneſs; but his eyes finding her more beauteous than ever, they explain'd to her in one moment all that he had to ſay to her. After he was gone, *Florange* re-calling all his *Idea's* into his memory, took it ill,

that he ſhould meet 'em ſo pat at our Lady of *Lieſſe*. He imagin'd, that this could not fall out without his being advertiz'd; and in his heart he accus'd the Marchioneſs of it. After having perform'd his Devotions in that Church, he return'd to his own home, and on the Road ſpoke not ſo much as one Word to his Wife; ſo ſpighted was he at this Adventure. When he was come thither, he entertain'd *Grand-Champ* with the Encounter he had had, and declar'd to him his Suſpicions. *Grand-Champ* jump'd with him in his Opinion; but yet endeavour'd to undeceive him, that he might not expoſe the Marchioneſs to vexatious Reproaches. He was ſtill over Head and Ears in Love with her; inſomuch, that this Lady coming on her ſide to tell him, how Chance had brought *Mainville* and her to an Interview, when ſhe leaſt expected it. *That was no hard matter, Madam*, ſaid

he

he to her; *and when one is of intelligence with chance, things fall more surprizing happen out.* The Marchioness being amaz'd at the freedom he took of making her Reproaches, told him after a disdainful manner, that it became indeed such a man as he to intermeddle in her concerns; That now she plainly perceiv'd her mistake, when she thought him an honest man; and that all Servants return'd sooner or later to their Character. It is impossible to express how dismally the amorous *Grand-Champ* was mortify'd with this word Servant. He had hitherto imagin'd he might one day come to touch the Marchioness, if she once came to make reflection of all he did for her: But losing all hopes after this last instance of her Contempt, he left her with his heart full of rage. *No, she does not deserve,* said he to himself, *the esteem of a worthy man: She's a meer Coquet, that's won by a gaudy out-*

side; and I ought to indulge my Revenge, unless I mean to pass for the most faint hearted of all Lovers. I serve a Rival, to please him; I rack my self to death, as a body may say, to serve the man in the World I most hate; I espouse the interests of that ungrateful Woman, to make her Husband believe, that he has a Wife extream discreet; yet for my reward she calls me Servant. ——— No, I cannot think on't without bursting into a Fury; and either I have no power over my mind, or I shall quickly forget her.

As *Grand-Champ* was entertaining himself with this Discourse, and much other stuff of the like Nature, that express'd the excess of his Resentment, word was brought him, that a man enquir'd for him; and going to see who it was, it was found to be a Person from *Mainville*.

This Marquis had made a stop at *Villers-Cotterets*, whence he had writ-

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ten to his Miſtreſs. His Meſſenger having preſented his Letter to *Grand-Champ*, beſought him to make an anſwer as ſoon as poſſible to his Maſter. *Grand-Champ* return'd a moment after, and told the Meſſenger, that *Mainville* might come about midnight, and that he ſhould find the Park-door open: That the Marchioneſs had not had time to write to him; but that this was ſufficient. This man made haſte to return; and when half way, he met *Mainville*, who was ſo impatient to know if the Marchioneſs would accept of a Rendez-vouze, that he required of her by his Letter, that he was mounted on Horſe-back, to avail himſelf of it the ſooner. This Meſſenger gave him an account of what *Grand-Champ* had ſaid to him; but at the ſame time adviz'd him to turn back, ſaying, that he ſeem'd to be in a ſtrange Concern when he gave him his Anſwer; and that either he was

mistaken, or that it was not safe to trust to his Word. *Mainville* made a mock of his fear, and continued on his way. But this Messenger was not so much mistaken as *Mainville* imagin'd. For indeed *Grand-Champ* finding that this occasion was favourable to revenge himself of the Marchioness's slights, had carry'd *Mainville*'s Letter to *Florange*, in the first Heat of his Resentment, letting him by that see that his Suspicions were not over-ill grounded. Nevertheless, he was cautious of telling him, that he was the Party that had carry'd on the Intrigues of these Lovers to the point it was at. Far from this, he made him believe, that this Letter was fallen by chance into his hands; and that he had no sooner seen what it contain'd, but that he had deliver'd it to him.

Florange being ascertain'd of his Dishonour, or at least, that he was robb'd of his Wife's Heart, did not hesi-

heſitate one moment, as to being reveng'd. He, with *Grand-Champ*, reſolv'd to ſurprize *Mainville* in his Wife's Chamber, and ſacrifice them both to his Reſentment. In the mean time *Mainville* ſtill advanc'd, not in the leaſt dreaming of what was brewing againſt him. He found the Park-door open, as *Grand-Champ* had ſent him word, and ſlipping between a Paliſade, he got to the Houſe-door, which was half open. *Grand-Champ*, the better to make him fall into the Trap that was laid for him, had not only deſcrib'd the Houſe to the Meſſenger, but had likewiſe promis'd to ſtand behind this laſt Door, whence he was to convey *Mainville* into the Marchioneſſes Room. He had likewiſe told this Lady, that *Mainville* was to come to her, that ſhe might leave her Door open. Her eagerneſs to ſee him again, had made her fall into the Snare, without requiring other aſſurance than

Grand-Champ's Word. When *Mainville* was come to the Houſe-door, he really found this Domeſtick, who conducted him as far as the Marchioneſſes Room, whoſe Door he found. *Grand-Champ*, after that, withdrew; but by a ſurprizing Recollection, he, who only breath'd Revenge, ſince the Marchioneſs had treated him ill, found himſelf mov'd with Compaſſion, revolving in his mind the unhappy Condition to which ſhe was going to be reduc'd. In ſhort, his Love got the upper-hand in a moment. His Eyes were all bath'd in Tears, out of Grief for having been the Cauſe of ſo lovely a Perſon's Death; and in a word, if nothing was to do, but to give her the very laſt Drop of his Blood, to repair what he had done, he would willingly have given it.

In the mean while he was to give an Anſwer to *Florange*, who had planted himſelf behind a Paliſade

ſade of Maple to ſee *Mainville* paſs. This Huſband had heard him as he ſlipt by between the Trees: Nay, and had ſeen him; inſomuch, that growing weary of ſtaying any longer in that place, ſince it was time to come to flaſhing, he went his way, to know what detain'd *Grand-Champ* from coming to give him notice. He found this Unfortunate Domeſtick Twenty Paces from his Ambuſcade; and having ask'd him, whether he had conducted *Mainville* above Stairs, he made anſwer, No; and that he muſt needs have fail'd the Aſſignation. *Prethee, why that upon me,* reply'd *Florange* in anger; *for I ſaw him paſs by where I was.* At theſe words he would have gone up into the Marchioneſſes Chamber; but *Grand-Champ* ſtopping him by the Arm, told him, that his going might cauſe him to miſs his aim; that it was convenient for him to go up firſt, to ſee if *Main-*

ville was there; that he would come and give him an account at the bottom of the Stairs; and that afterwards it would be for him not to lose the occasion of being reveng'd. *Florange*, notwithstanding the greatness of the Offence, could not yet put off a certain Fear that was natural to him. Thus being willing that any other than himself should make the first Paces, he comply'd with all *Grand-Champ* propos'd, and staid for him at the bottom of the Stairs. *Grand-Champ* seeing this, mounted above, without losing of time; and having caus'd the Door to be open'd, he extreamly surpriz'd these Lovers, when he told them all was ruin'd. Being seiz'd with Fear, they ask'd him what had fallen out: But *Grand-Champ*, more undone than they, made answer, that it was not a time to hold long Discourses, and that *Mainville* must be gone at the very instant, if he meant

meant to be alive a Quarter of an Hour after. That he would find *Florange* at the bottom of the Staircaſe; and that to paſs ſafely, he muſt counterfeit his Voice, and tell him, that now is the time for you to be reveng'd. That he could ſay nothing more to him at preſent, and that another time he would unravel this myſtery unto him.

At theſe words he took *Mainville* by the Arm, to ſhove him out, conjuring him to make his eſcape, and at the ſame time to ſave the Marchioneſſes Honour and Life. As this Diſcourſe was too preſſing to loſe time in deliberation, he did not ſtand upon much entreaty: Down ſtole he as ſoftly as he could, holding by the Rails, and finding *Florange* at the bottom, who ſtopp'd him, he whiſper'd in his Ear what *Grand-Champ* had ſaid to him. *Florange* heard thoſe words diſtinctly, but did not know his Voice; inſomuch, that think-

ing,

ing to find *Mainville* above, he mounted haſtily, breathing nothing but Revenge. *Mainville* had left the Marchioneſſes Chamber-Door open, and *Florange* entring therein, with a Piſtol in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he ſought for *Mainville*, as the firſt Victim he ought to offer up to his Reſentment. He was much amaz'd to ſee only *Grand-Champ*, leaning againſt a Table, and the Marchioneſs on the other ſide, not having the power to ſupport her ſelf. *Where am I*, cry'd he at this ſight, *and what's become of* Mainville? *Speak* Grand-Champ: *did you not tell me he was here, and coming up after me, how came you to be in this Chamber?* *Grand Champ* being prepar'd for all that *Florange* could ſay to him, and reſolv'd to ſave the Marchioneſſes Life at the expence of his own, look'd upon him fixedly, and addreſſing his Speech to him: *Kill me, my Lord*, ſaid he to him, *ſince*

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I have deſerved Death: I am the greateſt Cheat of all men, in having falſely accus'd my Lady. I have made you conceive a falſe Opinion of her Vertue, by forging to you a Letter from Mainville, *to induce you to uſe her ill: And what is ſtill beyond all this, is, that Love is the occaſion of all theſe Crimes. There is not any other man, ſave* I, continued he, *that had any intentions to ſeduce her: And if I had brought them about, I ſhould not have been ſo enrag'd, to undertake to make you ſhed a Blood that ought to be ſo dear to you. I now perceive my fault; and to puniſh me for it, you need only to pierce my Boſome.* At the ſame time he preſented himſelf before him, offering himſelf to a voluntary Death: But *Florange* not being able to reconcile theſe Words with what had been told him at the bottom of the Stair-caſe; *Do you kill me,* ſaid he to him, *or free me out of pain, by acquainting me, how you*

you came hither before me, and what is became of him that ſpoke to me before that I came up. No body can have ſpoke to you, reply'd *Grand-Champ* faintly ; *and through a preposſeſſion of your Paſſion, you imagin'd you heard what no body can have ſaid to you. The ſincere confeſſion I have made t' ye of my fault, ought to convince you of it : for I would not expoſe my ſelf to your Reſentment for an other. It is I alone that am culpable ; and Madam* de Florange, *and the Marquis* de Mainville *are innocent.*

The Marchioneſs at firſt could not imagine the meaning of all this ; but beginning to apprehend ſomething, ſhe broke ſilence, to complain of her Husband's Suſpicions, as if he had really been mightily in the wrong, to doubt of her Vertue. So as that poor *Florange* being in Deſpondency at ſo extraordinary an Adventure, withdrew into his own Apartment, without ha-

having the power to take any Resolution. After this *Grand-Champ* made the Marchioness a sincere Confession of his fault; and as he was penetrated with regret, he would in her presence have run himself through with his Sword; telling her, that he could no longer live, after having so mortally offended her. But the Marchioness leaping upon him, hinder'd him from executing his fatal Resolution, and promis'd him never to call his Crime to mind. *I shall have it in mind, Madam*, answered he, *all my life long; but now it shall not be so long, so as I may weary my self much in the World.* At these words he went out of her Chamber after a desperate sort of manner, and without considering that it was Night, he took the first way he found, and did not stop till it was day. The Marquis *de Mainville* had taken exactly the same Road, and Fortune would have it, that they

they should both alight in the same Inn. *Mainville* had newly dispatch'd away a man to *Florange*'s Castle, to know what had occur'd there after his departure; but seeing that *Grand-Champ* could inform him the best of any body, he desir'd him, that he would free him out of pain, and tell him all he did not know. *Grand-Champ*, to satisfy his Curiosity, gave him a long account of the Marchioness's slight, and of the revenge he design'd upon her: and continuing the rest of his Story, he acquainted him how when upon the point of sacrificing them both, his Love for the Marchioness had sav'd them. *Alas!* then cry'd *Mainville*, *I should never have suspected you of Treachery: On the contrary, I had so much confidence in you, that I have just now sent a Letter to you for the Marchioness. Unhappy that I am; I have perhaps destroy'd your labour: You had set her Husband's mind to rights.*

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by your Addreſs; or at leaſt, you had left him in an uncertainty of his misfortune; and my imprudence has ſpoyl'd All.

Grand-Champ had told his Story after ſo unconcern'd a manner, that he ſeem'd now a Party indifferent; but hearing to what danger *Mainville* had expos'd the Marchioneſs, he ſeem'd to recover new Sentiments. *You are really very unhappy,* ſaid he to him, *in cauſing ſo much trouble to a Lady, who would ever have been innocent, had ſhe never known you. I ought nevertheleſs to be glad, that ſhe has occaſion to complain of you, that ſo ſhe may forget you: But as in this occaſion her All is at ſtake, I ſhall here wait for the return of your man, that ſo if he has put your Letter into any other hands than hers, I may ſtill render her a piece of Service.* He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe words, but in came that man, being a Peaſant that *Mainville* had been forc'd to em-

employ, as having none of his own Servants with him, to whom he could give this Commiſſion. They ask'd him both at the ſame time, what was become of the Letter; and the Bumpkin anſwer'd them, that he had giv'n it to *Grand-Champ*. *What ſort of man is he*, cry'd *Mainville* immediately, all in Deſpair at his miſtake? *He is tall*, reply'd the Peaſant, *well made, and very neat*. He then gave an account of the Perſon to whom he had deliver'd his Letter; and *Mainville* and *Grand-Champ*, knew plainly by his Pourtraict of him, that it was fall'n into *Florange*'s Hands. Thereupon *Grand-Champ* entreated *Mainville* to lend him his Horſe; for he was come a-foot; telling him, that he was going to pay the Marchioneſs the laſt Service he ſhould pay her as long as he liv'd. *Mainville* gave him his Horſe; and *Grand-Champ* uſing diſpatch, repair'd to the Houſe of a Peaſant of

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Florange's Village, and there wrote a Letter. He then encharg'd the Peasant with it, with order to put it into the Marchioness's own Hands, as a thing of the highest Consequence. This Peasant did dexterously acquit himself of his Commission; so as that the Marchioness was advertiz'd of the fault *Mainville* had committed, and to make timely Provision for her self.

She receiv'd this Advice just in the nick: for her Husband designing to convict her of her Intrigue from her own writing, had newly caus'd *Mainville*'s Letter to be deliver'd to her under hand, not doubting but that she would make an Answer to it. And indeed she had already Ink and Paper to do it, when that *Grand-Champ*'s Letter made her change her stile. Instead of writing to *Mainville*, as she was going to do, she writ to her Husband; and leaving the Letter upon

upon her Table, ſhe went to find out *Grand-Champ*, whom ſhe entreated to accompany her to one of her Relations, whither ſhe had a Deſign to withdraw. *Grand-Champ* did not ſtick to grant her the Crupper of his Horſe, and convoy'd her till ſuch time as that he had put her into a place of ſafety.

In the mean while *Florange* was as impatient to hear of his Wife's Commerce, as if it had been ſome good news he was to receive. Thus ſeeing that ſhe delay'd her Anſwer too long, he ſent her the Fellow he had caus'd to deliver *Mainville*'s Letter to her, to inform her, that ſhe was to make more haſte. This man found her Chamber-door open; and having ſeen upon the Table the Letter ſhe had left there, he carry'd it to *Florange*, as thinking it to be the ſame he expected. *Florange* open'd it haſtily. But what a wonderful amazement, when inſtead of what he expected to find

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therein, he met with a thousand Reproaches. She accus'd him among other things, of having himself contriv'd the Letter she had receiv'd from *Mainville*; and he could not convict her of the contrary, because he knew not this Marquis his Hand. She also acquainted him whither she was gone, adding, that she would no longer live with a man that us'd her rather like a Tyrant than a Husband.

Though *Florange* knew himself innocent, and that far from being disabus'd of his Wife's Intrigue, he every day thought her more criminal, yet could he not hear of her Departure without grief. He suspected that she was gone to tax his Carriage, and that having no Proofs to convict her, her Complaints would prevail in the Minds of her Relations o're those he might make of her ill Conduct.

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Thus seeing that he had taken his measures ill, he did not waver to go seek her out, and took Coach in that Design with his Wife's Woman, whom he little suspected of being privy to her Concerns: For she was a Gossip, that under the Cloak of Devotion knew admirably well how to play her Part. He question'd her however on the Road, whether she knew any thing of the matters in agitation; But she affected a false Hypocrisy, meaning to perswade him of the Marchioness's Honesty: and, that besides, she was not a Girl to be concern'd in an Intrigue. When they were Two Leagues from the place they came, a Horse of his lost his shoes, and they were fore'd to halt, to have him shoo'd again. *Florange* was also a little sickish, which oblig'd him to go into an Inn to drink a little Wine. While this pass'd, the Waiting-Gentlewoman, who had alighted

out

out of the Coach, ſaw a Company of People flocking together at the end of the Village; and being naturally curious, as all Women commonly are, ſhe went on that waywards, to inquire into the matter. When ſhe was come thither, ſhe was told a thing ſomewhat extraordinary; namely, that a man after having alighted at an Inn, had ſent back his Horſe four Leagues thence, to a perſon of whom he had borrow'd it; that afterwards he had put himſelf to Bed, pretending he was ſick, and had ſent for a Chyrurgeon, who had let him Blood; but that this Chyrurgeon was no ſooner gone, but that he had himſelf unty'd his Arm; and that in ſhort, he had ſhed ſo great a quantity of Blood, that there were no more hopes of his Life.

The Novelty of the thing redoubled this Womans Curioſity; and ſo much the more, as know-

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ing that *Grand-Champ* had conducted her Lady upon the Crupper of *Mainville's* Horſe, ſhe had great Suſpicions it might be him all this Diſcourſe was of. Thus ſhe reſolv'd herſelf to ſee whether ſhe was not miſtaken, that ſo ſhe might afterwards give the Marchioneſs a faithful account. As ſoon as ſhe had caſt her eyes upon that Wretch, ſhe really knew him to be the wretched *Grand-Champ*, who was in a very bad Condition. He on his ſide was not wanting to know her again immediately; and deſiring the People to withdraw, as being to diſcourſe her in private, *I die*, he ſaid to her, *the moſt contented of all men, ſince that Fortune, which hitherto had been againſt me, now favours me with your Company, when that I leaſt expected it, to be the Witneſs of my laſt Words. You may tell Madam* de Florange, *that I have my ſelf advanc'd my Death, as after her ſlights not being*

able

able to ſurvive. Perhaps that one day ſhe will regret ſo faithful a Lover. Be it as it will, I only wiſh her happineſs. At theſe Words a Convulſion Fit ſeiz'd him; and the Damſel being willing that he ſhould die in other Hands than hers, call'd for the People again into his Room; and while they were buſy in contemplating this Unfortunate Lover, ſhe made away through the Crowd, without notice being taken of what was become of her.

Florange's fainting Fit had kept all his Servants about him, and hinder'd them from knowing what paſs'd, which their Ladies Woman was not ſorry for, becauſe that it was to be feared, that if *Grand-Champ*'s Adventure had come to his Maſter's knowledg, he would have gone and diſcours'd him, and that *Grand-Champ* would have told him all, for the diſcharge of his Conſcience. In fine, after that

Florange had re-collected his Spirits, he took Coach again with her, and they came to the Place of the Marchioneſſes Retreat. *Florange* made great Complaints to their Kinſman, that his Wife went ſo away without ſaying a word to him: But the Kinſman being prepoſſeſs'd with what the Marchioneſs had told him in her Vindication, anſwer'd him, that being of ſuch an Humour, he ought not to marry, ſince there was nothing that madded a Vertuous Woman more, than when her Husband doubted her Vertue. *For my part*, added he, *I ſhall never adviſe her to return with you, at leaſt, unleſs you expreſs a mighty regret for what is paſs'd.* *Florange* ſeeing himſelf baffled in this manner, would have ſpoke of two Letters he had receiv'd; but his Kinſman reply'd upon him, that if that was all he had to alledg againſt her, he might be gone as he came, and that all his

own

own Relations would eſpouſe the Defence of his Wife. Thus was *Florange* forc'd to ask his Wife's Pardon, though in his Soul he knew that the fault lay not at his door.

Madam *de Florange* having need of the Protection of this Relation in many things, and particularly in this occaſion, wherein it was requiſite to juſtify her Conduct, of which it was impoſſible to hinder Diſcourſe in the World, after what had newly happen'd, did after this eaſily comply with the Counſel he gave her, of coming to a Reconciliation with her Husband. They ſtaid the reſt of the Day at his Houſe, and all the next; and *Florange* being gone out for a moment, the Waiting-Gentlewoman took the time of his abſence to entertain her Lady with the ſad Adventure of the Unfortunate *Grand-Champ*. The Marchioneſs could not retain her Tears at ſo piteous a Relation, and

joyning ſome Regrets to the Tears ſhe had ſhed, ſhe told her Woman that he merited a better Fortune. This Diſcourſe ſurpriz'd that Maid, as knowing how much ſhe had deſpis'd him as long as he liv'd, inſomuch that ſhe could not hide her amazement from her. But the Marchioneſs interrupting her, accus'd her of having an ill Opinion of her, ſince that after all the Inſtances of Love that *Grand-Champ* had given her, ſhe could not, at leaſt, without being the moſt ungrateful perſon in the World, hear that any ill was befallen him without being griev'd. *This is a tardy gratitude, Madam*, the Damſel then cry'd, *and you would have oblig'd him much more, if you had ſhewn it while he was well. I have ever had a ſence for him*, reply'd the Marchioneſs, *but could not then ſhew it without hampering my ſelf in troubles.* Mainville *would have been jealous, and perhaps that thinking me*

in love with Grand-Champ, *he would have ſought out a Conſolation for my inconſtancy, in the choice of an other Miſtreſs. That is to ſay,* Madam, the Damſel anſwer'd, *that you lov'd poor* Grand-Champ, *but did not love him ſo well as* Mainville. *How diſſembling are Women! I thought you as nice as any perſon living in your Love: Nevertheleſs by what I perceive, you prefer Number before Delicacy.* It is very ſeldom known that a Woman dare talk in ſuch a manner to her Lady; but ſee what a Confident may do: and I fancy, that if this Maid had been leſs inform'd of her Concerns, ſhe would have been more cautious in her words. Be it as it will, Madam *de Florange* imagining ſhe might ſuffer, ſhould ſhe leave her in theſe Sentiments, *You miſtake me in what I have ſaid,* anſwer'd ſhe, *and you groſly confound Love and Acknowledgment. There is nevertheleſs a great deal of difference between the*

One and the Other. The Motions of Love are tender and paſſionate Motions, excited by Sympathy: whereas thoſe of Gratitude are only ordinary Movements, that are wont to ariſe from ſome Benefit that one has receiv'd. But, Madam, reply'd the Damſel, *if thoſe Motions which Gratitude excites, are ſo common as you ſay, they ought not, methinks, to occaſion the ſhedding of ſo many tears; and yet this is what you do. Tell me, I beſeech you, how this comes to paſs: for I fancy'd, that People afflicted themſelves in ſuch manner only when they were lively affected. This you are miſtaken in,* reply'd the Marchioneſs, *as you were but a moment agoe, when you confounded Gratitude and Love. A great grief never appears ſo much outwardly as does a mean one: and one would have a bad Opinion of the ſenſibility of a Perſon, that ſhould ſhed tears at the newneſs of a great misfortune. One muſt remain ſeiz'd till that time di-*

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miniſhing the ſtrength of the grief, leaves to man his wonted Functions. Then it is that the Eyes diſtill themſelves into Water, as a mark of his Affliction. If I do not make my ſelf well underſtood, added the Marchioneſs, *I am going to give thee a very familiar Compariſon: Thou knowſt that Cold, when it is extream, cloſes all things, and principally Rivers, whoſe courſe remains conceal'd by reaſon of the Ice that appears upon the Surface of the Waters. It is even the ſame thing with a great Grief in the Heart of Man. His Tears are ſtopt; and as the Current of Rivers only appears when the Cold is diminiſh'd, ſo his Eyes only ſhed Tears when the Affliction is no longer ſo ſtrong.*

Theſe are the Reaſons the Marchioneſs gave her Woman, to make her apprehend, that ſhe might bewail *Grand-Champ*'s misfortunes, without loving him. Nevertheleſs, ſhe bid her enquire after him, when

that they paſs'd by where ſhe had left him. That ſhe needed only to feign ſome need to alight out of the Coach, and that ſhe might take that time to do what ſhe bid her. The Morning being come, they all ſet forwards on their Journey, and the Damſel having perform'd her Commiſſion, ſhe was told, that *Grand Champ* was dead but a moment before. She acquainted her Lady with it when they were arriv'd; and theſe Tidings renew'd her grief.

During theſe Occurrences, the Marchioneſs had an Affliction which much more affected her than *Grand-Champ*'s Death. *Mainville* remain'd Two Months without writing to her; and ſhe did not doubt after ſuch great marks of his forgetfulneſs, but that he had got ſome new Miſtreſs. She daily complain'd to her Woman of her misfortune, and of Mens Inconſtancy. *They are all ungrateful*, ſaid ſhe to her, *and the Ladies*

Ladies are fools for loving them. Their flames last only just so long as they find satisfaction therein; and as fondness only encreases by desires, as soon as these desires are fulfill'd, these fondnesses quickly become little or nothing. They never see you afterwards, but out of a luke-warmness: nay, nor would they see you at all, were they not afraid of being tax'd with ill-breeding. I leave thee to judge what a Lady can say after this; and if being wonted, as she is, to the Movements of a tender and a passionate Love, she rests satisfy'd with these Civility-Visits. Mainville, *the ungrateful* Mainville, continu'd she, *is not exempt from these weaknesses; and thou seest after all that I have done for him, what his ingratitude is.*

Though *Mainville* paid the Damsel well for being in his Interests, she most commonly durst not take his part, finding her self, that he was mightily to blame in that he did

not write to her. However, being unwilling utterly to abandon him, ſhe endeavour'd to give her Lady ſtill ſome hopes, telling her one while, that his Letters might miſcarry, another, that he was ſick, and that otherwiſe ſhe would have heard of him. But the Marchioneſs did not ſuffer her ſelf to be ſo eaſily impos'd on; She knew that a Man of *Mainville*'s Quality ſent a Meſſenger on purpoſe, when Two Poſts had fail'd him; and that let a Man be never ſo ſick, he never forgets his Miſtreſs.

About that time Fame, which carries throughout the whole Earth the Actions of Great Men, blaz'd about, that *Mainville* had ſignaliz'd himſelf above all others in a Battel. At theſe Newes the Marchioneſs, who was as ſenſible to Honour as any Woman in the World, found her tenderneſs to revive. The Reſentment ſhe had of her Lover's forgetfulneſs, had made her

her discontinue writing to him: She then took Pen and Ink, to express to him the satisfaction she had in his Heroick Performances. Nevertheless she mingled soft and tender Reproaches with the Praises she bestow'd upon his fine Actions; insomuch, that one might say, that her Letter was both a Letter of Love and of Civility. *Mainville* was exactly of the Humour of those People the Marchioness had describ'd to her Woman; too easy Conquests became flat to him, and he had been for some time disgusted because she had done too much for him. But Two Months Absence making him look upon her then as a New Mistress, he renew'd writing to her in very passionate Terms, seeking sorry Excuses to colour the little Consideration he had shewn for her. The Weakness of People in Love, is so extraordinary, that the Marchioness was satisfy'd with his Reasons, as if they had been

good..

good. Thus their Intrigue was renew'd as before, and all as much charm'd with one another as they had ever been; they let not a Poſt ſlip without interchanging of Letters.

This Commerce laſted during the reſt of the Campaign; and being ready to end, *Florange* being at *Paris* upon a Law-Suit, and ſuſpecting that *Mainville* writ to his Wife, repair'd to his own Home, to hinder him from ſeeing her at his return from the Army. His Precaution was ſomewhat neceſſary, becauſe that *Mainville* was really reſolv'd to ſee her on his way. Yet was it in vain: for though *Mainville* knew him to be at home, as he would have been ſorry to have come ſo near to no purpoſe, he diſguis'd himſelf, as a Miller's Boy, to ſee his Wife. This being done, he mounted upon a Mule, with ſeveral Sacks under him; and in this Equipage came to the Court of the Caſtle

Caſtle one day that he knew him out a hunting.

He was inform'd, that it was the Marchioneſſes Woman that caus'd the Corn to be meaſur'd before her, and who receiv'd the Meal; ſo as that he fancy'd it would be no hard matter to make himſelf known. But this Nymph little dreaming, that the Marquis *de Mainville* was become a Miller's Boy, began, without looking him much in the Face, to rattle him, for that his Maſter had not the time before reſtor'd all the Meal he ought to deliver: That is to ſay, in plain *Engliſh*, that ſhe accus'd him of being a little Thieviſh. *Mainville* laugh'd heartily in himſelf at her miſtake; but referring till an other time to rally her for it, he got up to her to preſs her Hand, thinking, that after that ſhe would no longer take him for a Miller. But the Damſel, far from gueſſing what that meant, call'd him inſolent Raſcal; which made all the People flock about

bout him, beginning to threaten him. Then the Damſel viewing him more earneſtly, and perceiving the fault ſhe had committed, ſhe was at a very great loſs how to repair it: for now was it a little too late, all People flocking to ſee the Miller. The Marchioneſs accidentally return'd from walking, and having enquir'd why all her People ran that waywards, ſhe was told the occaſion, and going that way her ſelf, her ſurpriſe was extream, when ſhe knew *Mainville*. Nevertheleſs, without making any thing known of her amazement, ſhe ſaid, that he ought to be ſhut up, and that when her Husband was return'd from hunting, he ſhould order what he deem'd fitting for his Puniſhment. Her preſence of Mind was admirable in this occaſion; for ſhe freed him by theſe means out of her Servants Hands, ſome of whom might otherwiſe have known him.

Thus

Thus was he led into a Tower appointed for Criminals; but he was no ſooner there, than that the Damſel came to fetch him thence, to convey him to her Ladies Feet. He there forgot the Fright he had been in, when he ſaw himſelf ſurrounded with all *Florange*'s Domeſticks. Theſe Two Lovers upbraided one another tenderly, for having been ſo long without writing to each other; and Love largely rewarded them for the pains it had made them ſuffer. However, after ſeveral ſoftneſſes it became *Mainville* to think of being gone; for *Florange* was every moment expected, and it was neceſſary to ſhun his Preſence. The Marchioneſs was the firſt to mind him of it, and he was ſo charm'd with her Preſence, that it was quite out of his thoughts. But conſidering his Dreſs, his getting off was difficult: for a Servant might ſee him go out, and he would not have fail'd of ſtopping him, thinking he did

did a fine Job. The Marchioneſſes Woman ſeeing their perplexity, offer'd to give him a Suit of her Cloaths, ſaying, that ſince ſhe had done all the miſchief, it was but Juſtice that ſhe ſhould bring a Remedy. *Mainville* willingly receiv'd her Offers; and knowing that he ſhould find his Mule at the Park-Gate, he took leave of his Miſtreſs, after having aſſur'd her of a Love-Proof againſt all things.

He took his way along a Wood, that reaches from the Park of *Florange*'s Caſtle, to a ſmall Village, but half a League thence. So far went he without any ill Encounter. But when he was beyond it, he met with *Florange*, who was unhappily returning from hunting. The other Hunters had taken through an other way, and *Florange* was all alone, either in meditating on the Pleaſure he had that day taken in hunting, or perchance in thinking on ſomething elſe that was not ſo agreeable.

No

No ſooner did *Mainville* perceive him, but that he fought to get out of his way; but *Florange* having by chance caſt his Eyes on that ſide, fancy'd him, by his Garb, to be his Wife's Woman, and in that Opinion he ran full ſpeed to him. As ſoon as he had overtaken him, he ask'd him, whither ſhe was a going: for *Mainville* being mask'd, he ſtill took it to be the ſame Perſon. *Mainville* made him anſwer, that he was miſtaken, and that not knowing him, ſhe did not think her ſelf oblig'd to give him an account of her actions. *If you do not know me,* then *Florange* reply'd, *you are certainly a Thief, ſince that this Rigging belongs to my Wife's Woman. I took you at firſt for her, but I now perceive that I am miſtaken.* *I am neither the one nor the other,* Mainville reply'd, *and you are miſtaken in the Cloaths as well as in the Perſon. Be adviſ'd by me, purſue your way, without inſulting me any longer; otherwiſe you may pay for your*

in-

intrusion. I am content, reply'd *Florange*; *but first unmask your self, that I may judge by your face, whether I am mistaken or not.* *Mainville* was far from doing it; insomuch, that *Florange*, who never was civil in his Life, seeing that he excus'd it, set himself to snatch off his Mask.

Mainville went not to his Amorous Expedition without good Pistols, that in case of Accident, he might be in a posture of defending his Life. Thus seeing himself press'd, he drew out one of them from under his Petticoats, which stopp'd *Florange*'s Rage: for naturally he had a great respect for all sorts of Fire Arms, running, at least, as fast in his Retreat, as he had done when he came to accost *Mainville*. When he was in the Village I lately mention'd, he began then to breathe, and sounding an Horn, he call'd all his Hunters, that could not be far distant. They forthwith rang'd themselves about him, and *Florange* having

ving related his Adventure to them, exhorted them to run after the Unknown, saying, that he must needs be a High-way-man.

Mainville hearing the Call, did very much suspect that he was going to be pursu'd; thus being very willing to escape further trouble, if he could, he spurr'd on. But his Mule not going so fast as Horses, the Huntsmen overtook him before he could get to a Wood he thought to have betaken himself to. They call'd out immediately to him, to yeild himself up; but chusing rather to dye, than expose himself to the Discretion of his Enemy, he took his Two Pistols in his Hands, and cry'd out to the first that advanc'd, that it should cost him his Life, if he pretended to do any Violence to him.

In this nick of time there happen'd Officers to come by, that were returning from the Army; and they seeing so many Men attacque a simple

ple Woman, they ſided with her, aſſu-ring her, that no hurt ſhould be don her, unleſs they were all firſt kill'd. After they had thus offer'd their Services to *Mainville*, they ask'd *Florange*, and all his Company, what that Lady had done to them, that they us'd her with ſo little Civility; And as *Florange* had only ſpoke to them of his Suſpicions, they carry'd away *Mainville* in ſpight of *Florange*, and promis'd to guard him whither he pleas'd. When he was gone a League from thence, *Gentlemen*, ſaid he to them, *you have taken a great deal of paine, and I hope one day to return the Civility: for though you know not who I am, yet do I know you. In the meanwhile, if you are minded that the Obligation I have to you, ſhould be compleat, you will ſuffer me now to go, without having the Curioſity of knowing who the Perſon is whoſe Defence you have undertaken.* At theſe words they all made him anſwer, out of a per-

perſwaſion that he was a Woman, that they would not forſake her till they had brought her to her own Home; and *Mainville* ſeeing their Obſtinacy, unmask'd himſelf, ſurprizing them very much in making himſelf known.

The Command he had in the Army, afforded him a great Authority. Beſides, he was of ſo conſiderable a Family, that many people were bound to have a reſpect for him. Thus theſe Officers ask'd his Pardon for having oblig'd him to make himſelf known againſt his will, as ſuſpecting that he had put himſelf into a Diſguiſe upon ſome occaſion that he was not willing ſhould be known publickly. *Mainville* being a well-bred Gentleman, told them, that after the Service they had done him, it was eaſie for him to excuſe their Curioſity. However that he begg'd of them, not to make the leaſt mention of his Adventure, becauſe that there were

people

people who delighted in making the worſt of all things. He embrac'd them all after this; and thus having got himſelf off from this bad Buſineſs, he went to find out his Servants, who were not far diſtant.

Florange, who was in Deſpondency, for that theſe Officers had made him miſs of his aim, making reflection of what had newly befallen him, fancy'd there muſt be ſome Myſtery underneath All, and return'd to his own Houſe with his Soul full of Suſpicion. At his arrival he ask'd his Wife's Woman, whom ſhe had lent her Cloaths to; and this Queſtion having puzzled her, ſhe bluſh'd, inſomuch that *Florange* having obſerv'd ſome Change in her Countenance, he preſs'd her ſtill more to tell him what ſhe had done with them. She then ſtutter'd, ſaying one while, ſhe had lent no body any Cloaths, another, that ſhe had quite forgot to whom it was. *Florange* judging

by

by her Confuſion, that ſomething had paſs'd which it was not thought fitting he ſhould know of, went directly to his Wife's Chamber; to whom he put an Hundred Queſtions, that ſo he might get from her ſome light into this matter. The Marchioneſs had newly been told what was befallen *Mainville* and her Huſband, and how the former had got out of the other's Hands. Thus having nothing to fear on that ſide, ſhe made him anſwer, that he made a great deal of noiſe for a Garment, or ſo; and that ſhe did not enquire ſo much as he, with what her Woman did with her things. During theſe Tranſactions, the Miller of the Houſe arriv'd, and finding all the Doors open, he mounted into the very Chamber where *Florange* was. *My Lord*, ſaid he to him, without firſt enquiring, whether he was in an Humour to hear him, *I come to aſſure you, that it was none of my Lads that was ſawcy to my Ladies*

Wo-

Woman: they are all at the Mill; and I neither challenge him nor his Mule, which you may make what Example you please of. It is some Rogue or other, that says he belongs to me, that so he may do me an injury; but good my Lord, let me beseech your Worship, to protect me in this occasion, since you have the Knave in your hands, and that you can by the force of torments, draw the Confession of his Crimes from him.

What this man said, was *Hebrew* to *Florange*, who knew not what pass'd; but being told the Adventure of the Miller's Man, he gave order for the fetching him out of Prison, and that he should be brought to him that very moment. Those that were officious to obey him, ran immediately to the Tower where he had been shut up; but they found the Door of it open, and the Bird flown. Thus they return'd much amaz'd, to tell *Florange*, that some body had let the

Pri-

Priſoner eſcape, and that they knew not who it was. At theſe words his Suſpicions re-doubled, ſo much the more as that he then remembred that the Damſel he perceiv'd had a Mule, and that there was great probability of her being the Miller's Man.

He ſent the Miller away very much ſatisfy'd, by telling him, that he meant him no harm; but ſeeking to dive into this myſtery, he ask'd his Wife, what was become of the Priſoner, and by whoſe order he had been put out of Priſon. *He muſt needs*, the Marchioneſs reply'd, *have found the Secret of making his Eſcape himſelf, and I know no body here that would have been ſo bold as to have done it without your Orders. The People that have been concern'd in't, Madam*, *Florange* reparty'd, *are more ſubmiſſive to your Ladyſhips order than to mine; and however you defend your ſelf, yet do I ſmell out your Contrivance.*

This Converſation was upon the point of being keen on both ſides, when the ſame Relation that had reconcil'd them, came in. *You come very ſeaſonably*, ſaid *Florange* to him, *to do me Juſtice. You accus'd me of being whymſical and jealous; but I do not think you would harbour that Opinion, after what I have to tell you.* He thereupon acquainted him with what had newly happen'd, and did firmly believe, that he was going to take his part, when the other call'd him Viſionary more than ever. *You rave Couſin*, ſaid he to him, *and I am very ſorry I muſt tell you, that you ſerve for a Laughing-ſtock to all our Countrey. I ſhould make a Mock of you as well as the reſt, were I not your Kinſman; but I muſt at length come to that, as no longer finding any means of excuſing you in the World. I am not ſo mad, Couſin*, reply'd *Florange* to him, *as you would fain make me believe: and if the like thing befel you, you would*

oblige

oblige me, in acquainting me what you your ſelf would ſay of it. I ſhould ſay, his Kinſman reparty'd, *that a real, or a falſe Miller was come to my houſe, and that ſeeing himſelf confin'd, he had forc'd his Priſon. As to the Habit, which you make the principal Cauſe of your Diſquiets, I would ſtill ſay, that my Wife's Woman had lent it to ſome friend; that I had met with this friend on the way; that ſhe would not make her ſelf known, and without tormenting my head, to dive into the reaſon, I would let all people be at quiet at home, which would let me be ſo. That is to ſay,* reply'd *Florange, that you would be a very convenient contented Husband. So convenient,* the Couſin anſwer'd, *that I would never think ill of my Wife, unleſs I ſaw it with my own Eyes. Beſides, to what purpoſe,* continued he, *d' ye ſo much ſhrift into a thing which can only afford us matter of trouble? And ſhould I not rather chuſe to live as all well-bred*

People do, than live as you do. These Words vex'd *Florange*, insomuch, that he was going to say some disobliging things to his Relation, when that this latter, to avoid his ill Humour, went his ways, without taking leave of him.

Some days after a Letter came from *Paris* to *Florange*, by which he had notice, that his Law-Suit was ready to come to a Trial, and that his Presence there was requisite. I intimated a while agoe, that he had laid aside the Care of this Law-Suit, to hinder *Mainville* from seeing his Wife. His Jealousie having then rather augmented than diminish'd, he resolv'd to take her along with him, that he might be the better secured of her Conduct. After that he was got to Town, a person that pretended to be a Friend of his, but meant to banter him, as knowing his Weakness, told him, that if he was so much concern'd to know whether his Wife was honest, he

he would furniſh him with a good contrivance. That he knew a famous Female Fortune-teller, to whom nothing was unknown, and that if he would conſult her, ſhe would acquaint him with ſuch things as would ſurprize him. *Florange* did not want Wit, ſo as that knowing out of what motive this man diſcours'd him in this manner, he thank'd him coldly for his offers; adding, that it did not belong to all People to concern themſelves in the Affairs of a Husband and Wife. Nevertheleſs *Florange* conſider'd in himſelf of what he had ſaid to him, and being ſilly enough as to imagine, that a Fortune-teller could convict his Wife of the Intrigue ſhe had with *Mainville*, he enquir'd, under hand, where thoſe ſort of People dwelt, and was not long without being inform'd of the Lodgings of a Woman that pretended that way. None but Fools went to her Houſe, or Perſons ex-

treamly credulous. Yet not one came thence without being undeceiv'd: for it was by Chance, if ſhe ſpoke one Truth among a thouſand Lyes. *Florange* repaired thither one Morning without any Retinue, and deſired this Woman to conceal nothing from him, of whatever conſequence the things were that ſhe ſhould find out, either by his Hand or Phyſiogmony. The Fortune-teller, by his words, gueſſing at his Ingenuity, began with making him pay before-hand; then diſcours'd him with what ſhe was wont to ſay to all thoſe that were ſo ſilly as to come and conſult her. *Florange* knowing then how much he was in the wrong, to hope for any thing in her, told her, that it was Pains and Money thrown away, as to come and ſee her; and as ſhe endeavour'd to ſave her ſelf by a World of ſilly Stories, with which ſhe lur'd the moſt credulous, there came a Man into the Room, habited after a capricious

ous manner, and that would have Bug-bear'd little Children. His Habit was Black, all done with ſtreams of Fire; inſomuch that one would have ſaid, that he had been a Devil that was return'd from Hell, or at leaſt, a Man that had borrow'd the form of one. He had a Mask that repreſented a Face to the Life; but ſo diſmal, that a body trembled to look upon it. This Mask was not made of Paſt-board, as all others are, and you would have taken it for real Fleſh. The reſt of his Habillement ſuited exactly with the Mask. He had Buskins on, and inſtead of a Lyon's Skin, a *Groteſque*, repreſenting the Furies, and to his very Shooes one would have ſaid, that they had been the Scales of a Serpent, ſo well had Art imitated Nature. This Counterfeit-Monſter held a Wand in his Hand, with which he ſtruck thrice upon *Florange*'s Head. This poor Marquis needed not this Over-plus of terror, having

been ſufficiently frighted at the ſight of the Monſter. He was more dead than alive; inſomuch that he would willingly have given the half of his Eſtate to have been from thence. But his Fright was quite an other thing, when the falſe Devil ſpoke to him in this manner; *Since that thou believ'ſt that the Fortune-teller is not capable of telling thee thy Life, I am come my ſelf to inform thee of all thou woula'ſt know: Thy Wife is more diſcreet than thou deſerveſt; and though there be ſome Appearances againſt her, theſe Appearances are leſs ſtrong than truth.* Mainville *is neither in love with her, nor ſhe with him, and thou muſt only accuſe thy own Jealouſie, if any one has been ſo ſpightful as to take a delight in allarming thee. The Letters thou haſt receiv'd are forged Letters, and if thou continueſt to be jealous, a great many more will be paulm'd upon thee. Such as thou ſeeſt me, my Buſineſs is to make the living mad,*

mad, and I ſhall neither ſpare my Contrivances nor my Pains, to diſturb thy Quiet, unleſs thou avail'ſt thy ſelf of my advice.

It is hard to ſay which of the two, *Florange*, or the Fortune-teller, remain'd the moſt amaz'd at theſe words: for ſhe could not apprehend who it was that plaid this part. True indeed, that ſhe was not unacquainted with the falſe Devils Habillement, having her ſelf caus'd it to be made, to fright ſuch as were fearful. But ſhe knew not who could take it ſo in the nick, as to ſay ſuch particular things to *Florange*. However to render the Adventure ſtill the more extraordinary, *Mainville*, and the Marchioneſs, being egg'd on by the like Curioſity, came to the ſame place, and finding the Houſe-door open, they mounted into the very Fortune-tellers Chamber, without meeting with any body to ask them their Buſineſs. The falſe Devil had not ſhut the Door, ſo as that *Main-*

ville and the Marchioness entred therein, not in the least expecting the People they there met withal. *Florange*'s Fright was extream at the sight of them, imagining, that the Devil had made them come without their consent. But that of *Manville* and the Marchioness was no less, seeing *Florange*; for then they thought themselves lost without Remedy. He that acted the Magician, or the Devil, as you shall please to call him, seem'd quite unhing'd and nonplus'd, remaining for some time without speaking a word. But all on the sudden recovering his speech: *Admire my Power*, said he to *Florange*: *Here are the two Persons that occasion thy Disquiet, whom I have caus'd to come hither on purpose to tell thee what familiarity passes between them two: Thou wilt learn their Innocency from their own Mouths, if thou dost not put confidence enough in what I have told thee.* *Florange* fell into a Swoon at these words; and

the falſe Devil ſeeing him in that Condition, repuls'd *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs with his Wand, telling them they had nothing more to do there. They did not ſtay to be told it twice; and the Marchioneſs having with much a-do got again to her Coach, in ſhe ſtept, with a Horror more eaſie to imagine than deſcribe.

Florange continu'd ſtill ſome time in his Swoon, while that the falſe Devil took the Fortune teller into an other Room, to tell her, that having had the folly, as well as others, to come and ſee her, he had found that Chamber-door open, wherein he entred. That meeting with no body there, and hearing loud talking in the next Room, he had liſten'd, and perceiv'd *Florange*'s Voice. And having perceiv'd at the ſame time upon the Bed, that Habit he had upon his Body, he had put it on, to tell him his Fortune, as being inform'd to every little circumſtance.

cumſtance of his Life. That ſhe had ſeen the ſucceſs of it, and that it was her part now to maintain the Fame ſuch an Adventure was going to gain her in the World.

The Fortune-teller was very glad that Chance had ſo well ſeconded her Cheats: and all haughty upon this Event, ſhe gave *Florange* a Check when he came to his Senſes again, for that he would not give Credit to the Wonders of her Art. *Florange* would doubtleſs have ask'd her Pardon, if he had had the power but to ſpeak but one bare word; but he was ſtill ſo much afraid, that all that he could do, was to get to a Hackney-Coach that waited for him at the Door. When he was got in he began to breathe, as thinking that the Devil had not ſo much power over him there. He then promis'd never to ſee, as long as he liv'd, any Fortune-teller: and being got home, he us'd his Wife quite otherwiſe than he had done of a long while, as apprehending,

prehending, that if he ſhould uſe her ill, the Devil would riſe up in her defence, as he had threatned to do.

After this, *Florange* ſtaid ſtill ſome time at *Paris*, and having met with *Mainville* in a Company, he ſpoke to him as if he had never born him any grudg. Nay, he ask'd him what was the Cauſe they did not ſee one another now; inſomuch, that *Mainville* would have been in a ſtrange *Maze*, had he been ignorant of the Fortune-teller's Adventure. But knowing what paſs'd at her Houſe, and how much *Florange* was of a fearful Humour, he knew to what to attribute his Change.

In the mean while *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs were not able to comprehend whom they had the Obligation to of what was fallen out; for no body had ever known any thing of their Concerns, ſave *Grand-Champ* and the Damſel I have men-

mention'd: and they knew very well, that neither of them two had revealed their Secret. For the Marchioneſs had left her Woman at home; and as for *Grand-Champ*, they could not ſuſpect him, as knowing him long ſince dead. But whoever it was, they were endebted to, they look'd upon it as a great piece of Service: for they began again to ſee one another, and that too without *Florange*'s finding fault. *Mainville* was not however wanting to have ſome Pre-caution, when he was with the Marchioneſs, as knowing there is nothing ſo eaſie to kindle anew as the Suſpicions of a jealous Perſon.

Thus they liv'd in ſome ſort of repoſe for a time: But as Prudence is very rare in ſtrong Paſſions, theſe Lovers forgot that *Florange* was naturally prone to Jealouſie, and that the leaſt thing was capable of giving him Umbrage. They were ever by one another, not being able to remain

main a moment without enterchanging of Words: and when Chance ſeparated them, one might in their Faces read a certain Grief, as made thoſe judge that had the leaſt Concern in it, that they were not in ill Terms with one another. *Florange* began alſo to doubt that the falſe Devil had told him a Lye, when he aſſured him, that his Wife was honeſt. *The Devils*, ſaid he in himſelf, *are Lyars, and a Man muſt be as ſimple as I, to put truſt to their Words. Beſides there is ſomething in this matter that I do not apprehend: for their buſineſs being to moleſt Mankind, how comes this, if he be a real Devil, to endeavour to cure me of my ſuſpicions? Thou art abus'd*, Florange, added he, *and like a fool, falleſt into the Trap. Are not thy Eyes ſurer than all that can be ſaid to thee? And what haſt thou to do with the teſtimony of an Other, when thou thy ſelf doſt but too clearly ſee thy diſhonour?*

Thus confirming himself daily more and more in the Opinion, that he had been impos'd on, he took somewhat extraordinary measures to shrift into *Mainville*'s and his Wife's Intrigue. He pretended not to take any notice of their fondnesses, but resolv'd to surprize them, when they least expected it, and to put them so many Questions in one another's Presence, that they should be nonplus'd. He knew that the motions of the Countenance commonly discover what lies most hid in the Heart: and when one does not find one's Conscience clear, it is an hard matter to keep one's Judgment. Whereupon he one day ask'd them, when they were in a deep Chat, whether there was not a great deal of Pleasure, in entertaining one's self thus aside with what one loves, adding that they must needs tast this happiness often, since it was but a few days ago that they had thus been together alone. It is easie to imagine

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the Confuſion theſe Lovers were under at this Diſcourſe; they were in ſuch a Maze they could not give him one bare word of anſwer. But *Florange* judging by the ſtate they were in, that his Suſpicions were but too well grounded. *To what purpoſe*, renew'd he, *is it for you to uſe fineneſs with me? and am not I ſo clear-ſighted, as to know what I ought to believe of it? You love tenderly one another, and I ſhould have but little regard for both, ſhould I oppoſe ſo fine an Amity.* The coolneſs he affected in uttering theſe Words, did ſo to all intents diſorder *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs, that they did nothing but gaze upon one another, as if they had complemented one another, who ſhould anſwer him firſt. At laſt, *Mainville* being confus'd to the higheſt degree, endeavour'd to undeceive *Florange*, endeavouring to perſwade him, that being ſo much his Friend, as he was, he could not, without an extream ingratitude, caſt

his

his Eyes upon his Wife. *Let's leave our friendſhip there*, anſwer'd *Florange* coldly, *and I ſhould be very much too blame, were I contented with your Reaſons, ſince, All dear as I am to you, as you ſay, my Wife muſt needs be dearer to you than I am. She has Charms for Men which I have not, and made as ſhe is, ſhe would have reaſon eo complain, if under the Pretext of our Acquaintance, you refus'd to love her. And indeed, you cannot put it out of my head, but that you do her Juſtice.* *Mainville* being no longer able to endure a Converſation that madded him, us'd then his utmoſt efforts to inſinuate into him, that he had never had any thoughts of the Marchioneſs: But *Florange* turning towards her, *And Madam*, ſaid he to her, *will you be as inſincere as he, and will you maintain it to my face, that you have been able to be ſo long expos'd to the Cajollaries of a well-bred man, without ſuffering your ſelf to be affected.* The Mar-

Marchioneſs made him anſwer, that he did her the higheſt injury, to put ſuch a Queſtion to her: That her Duty did ſufficiently inform her, that ſhe ought to love him only, and that he ought not to doubt but that ſhe did all that her Duty directed her. *A meer Reſvery, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *is that ſame Duty with which your Ladyſhip pretends to entertain me; and a thouſand Women, that are no leſs honeſt than your Ladyſhip, tread it daily under foot; But ſince you aſſure me, that it is ſtrong enough, as to hinder you from paying to my Lord of* Mainville's *merit what you owe it, and that on the other ſide he vows, that the friendſhip he has for me, hinders him from paying you what he owes you, you will both do well never to ſee one another more. And indeed, it would be laying your Reputation too much at ſtake, Madam,* added he, *any longer to ſuffer the Viſits of a Man that has not the ſence to know your worth.*

And

And you, my Lord, said he, addreſſing his Speech to *Mainville*, *you would do me a kindneſs, never to ſet foot more in my houſe: for I eſteem my Wife, and do not love people that ſlight her ſo much, or are ſo inſenſible, that thus they can reſiſt ſo many Charms.* At the ſame time he ſcrap'd *Mainville* a long Leg, as much as to ſay, that it was time for him to be gone, and ſhewing him the Door, he made him apprehend thereby, that he was not of a Humour ſo eaſily to be paulm'd upon in his Beleif.

I ſhall in no wiſe go about to repreſent to you in this place, neither *Mainville*'s Amazement, nor the Marchioneſſe's Confuſion. They could hardly imagine what they heard; but however loth they were to obey *Florange*'s Command, they muſt ſubmit; nay, and without reply. When *Mainville* was gone, the Marchioneſs ſtomacking what had newly happen'd, and being unable to bear with a ſeparation from her Lo-

Lover, ſhe began to diſcharge her Anger upon her Husband. She told him, that his Capriciouſneſs was beyond Example, and that ſhe needed only to blaze about his Carriage, to put him out of repute with all the World. *Florange* could have anſwer'd her, that as he had been out of repute a long while, he had nothing more to manage upon that Point, but continuing in the ſame manner he began, he made her anſwer, with a mighty ſerious look, that he perceiv'd the ingratitude of Women; that he had newly done her a great piece of Service, in ridding her of a Man that was good for nothing; and that nevertheleſs, inſtead of thanking him for it, ſhe loaded him with Reproaches.

After this, the Lady could not expect to ſee *Mainville* again at her own Houſe; inſomuch, that when they were minded to ſpeak with one another, they were oblig'd to borrow the Houſe of ſome ſhe friend.

Theſe

Theſe Pre-cautions render'd their Interviews much ſeldomer, and by Conſequence much more agreeable, becauſe that Difficulty is wont to be a ſeaſoning to Pleaſures, though that all People are not pleas'd with ſuch a Ragoo. It was then a little after *Chriſtmas*, a time that Merriments and Feaſtings begin at *Paris*, when a Friend of *Florange*'s having been preſented with a Noſegay at a Ball, made him agree, that he ſhould entertain his Lady with the Fiddles. The Lady being inform'd of it, ſent notice to *Mainville*, that he ſhould not let that Occaſion ſlip, without making advantage on't; inſomuch, that he diſguis'd himſelf, that he might not be known in the Aſſembly. It was numerous and fine; and as the Marchioneſs was weary of dancing, ſhe plac'd her ſelf in a Corner, whither *Mainville* repair'd immediately to entertain her. He would have ſtaid at her Feet till the Ball had been ended, if a Lady had not

not come to take him out to dance with her. He could not but out of Civility give her his Hand: But while he danc'd, another Maſquerader took his Place, and began to ſay ſuch particular things to Madam *de Florange*, that ſhe was mightily ſurpriz'd at it. His Garb was that of a *Gypſey*, which had help'd him much to the accoſting of her. *Madam*, ſaid he to her, *Ladies are commonly curious, and the Habit I wear, informs you, that telling of Fortunes is my Province. If you doubt it, you need only to give me your Hand, and you will preſently perceive that I am no Bungler in my Profeſſion.* Thereupon he gave her an Account of *Mainville*'s Amour, from the beginning to the very end, and when it came to the place of the Fortune-teller: *It is to me, Madam*, added he, *that you have the obligation of being freed from that ill ſtep. I had ſome Relation to that Woman, which oblig'd me to go often to her houſe, and*

I came thither pretty ſeaſonably to do you Service. After he had given her this Account, he left her, without being to be perſwaded to make himſelf known, though ſhe preſs'd him very much. But as he was going his ways, *Florange*, who had obſerv'd his Converſation with his Wife, and who took him for *Mainville*, by reaſon he had ſomething of his Air, and of his Shape, ſtopp'd him by the Arm, juſt when he was at the bottom of the Stair-caſe, and told him, that he had ſomething to ſay to him. The Maſque ſtaid at theſe Words, and *Florange* ſeeing that he was juſt ready to hear him. *I thought*, ſaid he to him, *that after having admoniſh'd thee, never to ſee my Wife more, thou would'ſt never have had the audaciouſneſs to diſcourſe her, and particularly in my ſight. But by what I perceive, thou mak'ſt no account of what is ſaid to thee, ſince to the prejudice of my Prohibition, thou haſt been newly talking to her. Now*

for

for once and all, either let this not happen again, or I ſhall uſe ſuch means as ſhall make you repent you did not take my Advice.

The Maſque, that did not expect ſuch a Complement, was very much ſurpriz'd at it; but having Reaſons not to anſwer ſo keenly as he was talk'd to: *I know not*, he reply'd, *what you mean by this Diſcourſe, and you certainly take me for an other, having never ſpoke with your Lady before to day. Wherefore you could not give me Inſtances of your jealouſie, as you tell me. But ſince I now know that makes you uneaſie, I aſſure you, that for fear of diſturbing your repoſe, I ſhall carefully avoid meeting her, being very willing thereby to let you ſee, that I ſhall ever Court the Occaſions of obliging you.*

Nothing could be more handſome than this Anſwer. But *Florange* being of a Character to be furious, when one crept before him, it augmented his Audaciouſneſs; in-

ſomuch, that ſpeaking a Language ſtill more arrogant than the former, he told the Maſque, *That Excuſes were but ſlight Reparations, when the Offences were real. That thus he meant to chaſtiſe him for his imprudence, as he deſerved.* And at the ſame time laying his Hand to his Sword, he oblig'd the Maſque, in his own Defence, to take one his Foot-man carry'd for him. Perchance *Florange* would then have been glad he had not begun the Quarrel; but ſeeing that the Maſque did but parry, without making any Thruſt at him, it encourag'd him ſo as to ruſh on upon him, and puſhing blindly on, he ran himſelf upon the other's Sword. However, the Maſque receiv'd at the ſame time a Thruſt quite through the Body, which made him fall ſtone dead on the other ſide.

The noiſe they had made in quarrelling, had made the People run to part them; and *Florange*'s Friends ſeeing

seeing him all cover'd with Blood, and the Masque lying in the Dust, ask'd him the Occasion of their Quarrel. *It is my Wife*, answer'd he them, *who is the Occasion of my Death. Hold me up, I conjure you; for I have but one moment more to live. But if any of you would oblige me, let him go tell her, that in shedding my own Blood, I have at least the Comfort of having taken* Mainville's *Life away.* At these Words the Rumour ran immediately through the whole Assembly, that *Mainville* was newly kill'd; and this News extraordinarily affected the Marchioness. She gave deep Sighs, and without minding in that moment either her Husband's Wound, or all that People could say of her Conduct, she ran where the Dead Man lay, to see if her misfortune was without Remedy. As soon as she had cast her Eyes upon his Cloaths, she presently perceiv'd they had given her a false Allarum; and studying to re-

pair what she had newly done, she went to *Florange*, and made his Friends believe, that the Tears she shed were only on his account.

However, she gave her Woman Order, under hand, to enquire who the Dead Man was; and this Damsel being curious enough of her self, resolv'd to use her utmost Care. But this needed no great trouble; for as soon as the Deceased's Mask was taken off, all the Servants of the House knew it to be *Grand Champ*; and she her self going near the Body, quickly perceiv'd that they were in the right. For some time she could hardly believe what she saw, as being pre-possess'd with his Death, upon the Account that had been given her her self in the Village before mention'd: But you must know, that she had been misinform'd, because at the time they imagin'd he had breath'd his last, he was only fallen into a *Lethargy*, occasion'd by the loss of Blood, and which he

he recover'd from ſome Hours after.

As the Marchioneſs had been well pleas'd to hear of *Grand-Champ*'s Death, inſtead of that of *Mainville*, it put her Huſband into an incredible Deſpondency. For beſides the Grief he had to know his Wife's Lover ſtill in a Condition of diſturbing his Reſt, he was out of Countenance for having wrongfully ſhewn his Jealouſie in ſuch good Company: and what is more, he was not without Regret for having kill'd the unfortunate *Grand-Champ*. But what diſquieted him more than all this, is, that the Chyrurgeons durſt not aſcertain he would eſcape from his Wound, as finding it very dangerous. While he lay a curing his Friends us'd their Intereſt to obtain his Pardon; and *Grand Champ*, having no body to revenge his Memory, they eaſily effected their Buſineſs. After this *Florange* recover'd by little and little, and ſeeing him-

ſelf in perfect Health, he us'd his utmoſt endeavour to bring his Cauſe to a Trial, that ſo he might return into the Countrey, where he fancy'd he ſhould live more at quiet than at *Paris*.

When he was in hopes of having it brought to Trial, the Defendants, who had not over-good Right, and who found an Advantage of deferring the Verdict, bethought themſelves of preſenting a Requeſt to the Council, by which they required to have the Cauſe left to an other Parliament than that of *Paris*, alledging, that *Florange* and his Wife had therein a World of Relations upon the Bench. The Affair being examined in full Council, *Florange*'s Parties obtain'd what they demanded, and were referred to *Rouen*.

This Decree was extream cruel to *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs, who notwithſtanding *Florange*'s Prohibitions and Pre-cautions, did nevertheleſs continue to ſee one another.

ther. They knew *Paris* to be the only place where Intrigues could be conceal'd, and that in the other Towns, however great they might be, one remains expos'd to the Cenſure of all People; a Man of Quality eſpecially not being able to take a ſtep without furniſhing matter for talk. Nevertheleſs haivng in their Interviews found Pleaſures they could neither of them renounce, without doing a great Violence upon themſelves, they contriv'd before they parted, how to ſee one another at *Rouen*; and no ſooner was *Florange* there, but *Mainville* came thither *incognito*.

A little before, he had, with his Credit, ſerv'd a Preſident of that Parliament, who had had a great Concern at Court; inſomuch, that not doubting of his Acknowledgment, he went and alighted at his Houſe. There, without ſcruple, he declared to him what brought him to *Rouen*, and that he had oc-

caſion for his Service. A thouſand Perſons in this Preſident's Circumſtances, would have put on their Gravity, and have likewiſe told him without ſcruple, that he might ſeek out an other Confident; but this Preſident being very willing to make Returns for the Obligation he had to him, and beſides, being no Enemy to Nature, he made him anſwer, that he might diſpoſe of him, of his Houſe, and of all he had in his power. *I'le not have ſo much*, ſaid *Mainville* to him; *and all I require of you, is to lend me one of your Coaches, when I go abroad with a Parliament-Robes. For when I go to my Miſtreſſes Houſe, I mean to be taken for you; and all that we are to have a care of, is, that it be not known that I am here. Thus you muſt make me paſs in your own Houſe, for one of your own Relations; and if People wonder that I make no Viſits in the Town, you may ſay, that I am ſick. If this was the only thing to be reme-*

dy'd,

dy'd, answer'd the President, *the thing would be very easie. I know already, without your needing to speak to me of it, that you have People here in whom you confide; and I may say the same thing of mine, whom I need only to forbid speaking, that you were at my House, to bind them to silence. But the Difficulty that I find herein is, that you would, methinks, pay a Visit to the Marchioness under my Name, and that when you are at her House, it should be thought to be me. Right*, Mariville reparty'd; *And this is just what I desire: And if I can deceive the Publick, I will take my time so well, as never to go to her Lodgings but when her Husband is abroad. I agree to't*, the President answer'd; *but you are going to set me at odds with my Wife. She is jealous to the utmost extremity; and as soon as she shall be perswaded, like others, that I visit Madam* de Florange, *I am very much afraid I shall have little quiet at home. Let's lodg our Secret with*

her, answer'd *Mainville* then: *'Tis the means of being all our Safeties. I have thought of that*, reply'd the President; *but two things hinder'd me, one is, that she can only conceal what she does not know; the other, that it would not be handsome for me to engage her in this Intrigue. Thus it is much better to undergo her Jealousie.*

Mainville shew'd himself Civil, by expressing, that he would not purchase his own Content at the expence of his Friend's. But the President made him answer, That nothing could afford him more Joy, than the doing of him Service; and though he had spoke to him of his Wife's Humour, it was not to excuse himself from the Business, but to take their measures so well, that they might keep their Concerns secret. A Lover is easie to perswade, when it tends to his satisfaction. Thus *Mainville* making but mean efforts to combate the President's Civi-

Civility, conſented to all he required. He then caus'd a Coachman and two Lacqueys, to be dreſt up in the Preſident's Colours; and when he went abroad, not a Perſon, but took him for the Preſident, by reaſon of his Diſguiſe. And indeed, all People ſaluted him in the Streets, principally thoſe that had any Proceſs, pretending he would have ſome regard to their Civility, when he ſhould come to try it. However, for the better deceiving of them, he took care to conceal his Face with his Handkerchief, ſo as that not any perſon living took notice of the Cheat; ſo much the more, as that he never went to the Marchioneſſes-Houſe, ſave when her Huſband was gone to ſolicite his Judges, which ſhe fail'd not of giving him immediate notice of, that ſo they might not loſe the occaſion of ſeeing one another.

This he ſped in for five or ſix times, without Fortune's playing him

him any ill Prank; but *Florange's* Parties being allarum'd at these frequent Visits, desired the President thereupon, to decline being of their Judges, giving him to understand, that visiting Madam *de Florange* so often as he did, he could not assist at the Tryal of their Suit, without giving them a great Suspicion. The President could easily have undeceiv'd them if he would, but that not being to be done, without discovering his Friend's Secret, he sought out sorry Excuses for the Visits those Parties fancy'd he made to the Marchioness. Thus he reply'd upon them, that they were very much in the wrong, in suspecting him of any partiality: That the seeing of a Woman did not render him the less honest man: That every Individual had his Conscience to keep: That it was not a sufficient Reason against his being a Judge at their Trial: and that on the contrary, he was resolv'd to be on the

Bench,

Bench, to ſhew how wrongfully they were allarum'd. He thought thereby to ſerve *Mainville*, who had deſired him to embrace *Florange*'s Intereſts as his own. But theſe Parties thinking themſelves loſt without Remedy, after this Declaration, contriv'd to blaze about, in ſuch manner, the Preſident's and Marchioneſſes Intrigue, as to oblige him to be the firſt to draw off himſelf. They had heard ſince they were in the Town, that the Preſidents Wife was extreamly jealous, and that upon the leaſt appearance of her Husband's Infidelity, ſhe was wont to make an horrible buſtle. Thus they fancy'd, that they needed only to intimate the Preſident's Viſits to her under hand, and that after this the Intrigue he had with the Marchioneſs would quickly be publick.

Having form'd this Reſolution, they ſignify'd to the Preſident's Lady what they were deſirous ſhe ſhould know: and this News made her

her almoſt mad. She immediately loaded her Huſband with a thouſand Reproaches for this new Inclination, and would needs oblige him to promiſe her never to go more to her Lodgings. *She's a profeſs'd Goſſip*, ſaid ſhe to him, *and your frequenting of her Company is only to abuſe me.* The Preſident was at a very great loſs how to quiet this Woman, whom he knew hard to be govern'd upon that Article. He endeavour'd to perſwade her, that he ſaw Madam *de Florange* only out of reſpect; and that if her Concerns had not been recommended to him by all her Friends, he would pay her no more Viſits. But his Lady falling into a Rage, and ſo much the more, as that he would not promiſe her to ſee her no more, ſhe reſolv'd to manifeſt her Jealouſie in ſuch manner, as that Madam *de Florange* ſhould be oblig'd to forbid him her Houſe.

While

While that the President's Lady was thus preparing to disturb these Lovers Repose, Fortune, that had spar'd them since they had been at *Rouen*, contriv'd to play them a Prank, which they had all the trouble imaginable to free themselves from. One Day that *Florange* had chosen to see his Judges, he was taken with an Indispolition on the Way, that oblig'd him to return home sooner than he expected. He found the President's Coach at his Door, and was mightily pleas'd with the Honour he did him of coming to see his Wife, as judging thence he would do his best for him, when his Cause came to a Trial. Wherefore he must needs pay him his Acknowledgments: But at his entrance into the Marchioness Chamber, he was much surpriz'd to find a man before her upon his Knees. The Marchioness seeing him come in, was still more surpriz'd than he: for it was

Main-

Mainville, who in the Preſident's Robes, made her a thouſand amorous Proteſtations. *Florange* had luckily made a ſtop one moment, to conſider upon the manner of his Behaviour in ſo extraordinary an occaſion. The Marchioneſs employ'd that ſmall time to great advantage: For judging that *Florange* could not have ſeen *Mainville*, his Back being towards him. *Ah, my Lord*, ſaid ſhe to her Lover, *all my Remedies are uſeleſs, and you'l cover me all with Blood, unleſs you put your Handkerchief before your Noſe*. *Mainville*, who had an infinite ſtock of Wit, apprehended by theſe Words, that *Florange* muſt needs be behind him, and ſeconding the Marchioneſſes Artifice, he took an Handkerchief out of her Hands, with which ſhe had rubb'd her ſelf, and which luckily for them, was all over Blood, as having her ſelf bled at the Noſe but a moment before.

fore. Then *Mainville* cover'd his Face with it; and *Florange* ſeeing him in this Condition, was not ſorry that he was ſo moderate, as thinking he had been unſeaſonably allarum'd. Thus inſtead of quarrelling him, as he had reſolv'd to do a moment before, he made him a Complement upon his feigned Indiſpoſition, bidding his Wife ſend for a clean Handkerchief, and fair Water, to waſh his Face.

Mainville was in ſome ſort of Security, through the Marchioneſſes Artifice: but ſeeing that *Florange* was ſo very officious to ſerve him againſt his Will, he knew not yet how he ſhould get off from this Affair, when Fortune freed him by a Circumſtance that in all likelihood ſhould have ruin'd him. The Preſident's Lady paſs'd through the Street, and ſeeing her Husband's Coach at the Marchioneſs *de Florange*'s Door, ſhe immediately

ately reſolv'd to go in, her Jealouſie inſpiring her with a thouſand extravagant things. Madam *de Florange* knew her not; but ſeeing an handſome Woman come into her Room, and who ſeem'd a Perſon of Quality, ſhe went towards her, to pay her her Civilities. The Preſident's Lady ſtept back, with a ſcornful look, and then uſing her Tongue; *You ought, Madam, to be ſatisfy'd*, ſaid ſhe to her, *with careſſing my Husband, without loading me with your fondneſſes. The Traitor is oftner with you than with me; and I deſign henceforward to ſend all thoſe that have to do with him, to your Houſe.* After this, ſhe fell to loading *Mainville* with a thouſand Reproaches, taking him for her Huſband, as being deceived by his Garb and Wigg, that was of the Preſident's Colour.

How-

However, *Mainville* ſaid not one word; which made the Lady the more believe it to be the Preſident, and that finding himſelf culpable, he durſt ſay nothing in his own excuſe. Thus his Silence was a new Crime for him: She continued upon the ſame Tone; and after ſhe had pretty well diſcharg'd her Choler, ſhe took him by the Gown; ſaying, ſhe would rather ſtay there as long as ſhe liv'd, than go away without him. *Mainville*, who would willingly have given all things to have been away from thence, made uſe of this occaſion to be gone; and being entred with her into his Coach, he on the way, underwent all that a Woman can ſay that thinks her ſelf ſlighted. *Thou doſt well to hide thy ſelf, thou Cheat,* ſaid ſhe to him: *But that Handkerchief thou hold'ſt before thy face, does not hide from me the Motions of*

thy

thy Heart. I know whom thou addreſſeſt thy Vows to; and all the Careſſes thou ſometimes makeſt me, are only for the better deceiving me. In ſaying this, ſhe ſnatch'd his Handkerchief from off his Noſe: But her Surprize paſs'd beyond all that I can ſay, when inſtead of her Huſband ſhe ſaw a man ſhe did not know. For out of certain Conſiderations, the Preſident had not let her ſee *Mainville*, though he ſtaid in his Houſe; and when ſhe had ask'd him the Reaſon of it, he had ſtopp'd her mouth, by telling her, that there were certain things which Women ought not to know. In the mean while, *Mainville's* Diſorder was no leſs in this Occaſion, than that of the Preſident's Ladies; but being ſooner recollected, *Madam*, ſaid he to her, *I know that this Adventure ſurprizes you: I beſeech you not to let it be known, and you will herein oblige a Man of Quality, who*

is

is my Lord, your Husband's friend, and a peculiar Servant of all that regards him. I would now tell your Ladyſhip, continued he, *what has induc'd me to diſguiſe my ſelf as I am; but it is better that you be inform'd of all from his own Mouth, becauſe, that not having the Honour to be known by you, all would be ſuſpicious I might ſay to your Ladyſhip.*

In the mean while, the Coach jogg'd on, and they at length got home, without any other illuſtration than this. The Preſident was then in the Court of his Houſe. He was ſtrangely amaz'd to ſee *Mainville* with his Wife; and making up to them, to know how this came to paſs, he was ſtill in a greater maze, when *Mainville* had told him aſide, all that had befallen him. *This is a bad Buſineſs*, ſaid the Preſident to him; *and knowing my Wife's Humour, ſhe cannot fail of blabbing it abroad.*

How-

However, to top upon her, he told her, that *Mairville* was a man of Quality, who was hamper'd in great troubles; and that it imported his Life, that People ſhould not know of his being in Town: That therefore he beſought her not to ſay the leaſt of it to any Body: and that this was the Reaſon that had induc'd him to give him a Retreat at his Houſe, without telling her of it. *You think me but an ill Keeper of Secrets, Sir*, ſaid his Wife to him, as already ſuſpecting the myſtery; *and all People have not ſo bad an Opinion of Women as you, ſince that this Gentleman himſelf does not conceal himſelf from Madam* de Florange. *Madam* de Florange, the Preſident reply'd to her, *is a Relation of his, and partakes in all that can befall him; inſomuch, that ſhe will be cautious of diſcovering where he is.* The Preſident's Lady, who was as malicious as any body living, and who had plainly obſerv'd how

how *Mainville* had hid himſelf from the Husband. *I believe*, ſhe anſwer'd the Preſident, *that this Lady has ſtill more Intereſt than you ſay, in keeping your Friend's Concerns ſecret; but I very much doubt whether the Marquis* de Florange *has the ſame Regards for him.* At theſe Words ſhe left them both there; and the Preſident knowing the ſpightfulneſs of his Wife, adviſ'd *Mainville* to leave the Town, for fear her Twattle being told again to *Florange*, he might ſuſpect the Truth.

Mainville, notwithſtanding the Pleaſure he took in ſeeing his Miſtreſs, follow'd his Friends Advice, and departed *Rouen*. The Campaign began ſhortly after, which ſolac'd him for this Adventure, as finding in the Employs of War wherewith to make him forget for a while the Secrets of Love.

THE END.

Art.
8° M-186.

THE NEW DISORDERS OF LOVE.

A Gallant Novel.

Written by *RICHARD GIBBS*, of *Norwich*, Philo. Medici.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes*, in *Russel-street*, in *Covent-Garden*. 1687.

BIBLIOTHECA BOM. ETANA.

To his Honoured Friend,
RICHARD BERNEY, *of Grays-Inn, Esq; Eldest Son to Sir* THOMAS BERNEY, *Knight and Baronet, of* Norfolk.

SIR,

NEver till I had the Honour of your Converſation, was I ſenſible how uneaſie Ambition ſits upon Mankind. This has made me labour long under the Pride of

presenting something to your Patronage; and design'd it upon a Graver Subject than what now implores your Protection. But considering the Politeness of your Learning, and that there is nothing in the whole Circle of Sciences, that has escap'd the justness and severity of your Censure, I durst not stand the Test of so nice and universal a Critick, in offering any Philosop'ical Essay to your View. This made me change the Design of putting off some of my imperfect Tracts under the Glory and general Approbation of your Name, in the Common-wealth of Learning, into that of Contributing to your Diversion. A Relaxation of the Mind from more serious Studies, is often ne-

necessary to the largest and most vigorous Genius's; *and I am sure by furnishing to your Recreation, I gratifie all that know you. Besides, Sir, I fancy the fair Sex will justifie me in this Address: and there is possibly a World of Ladies of a Noble Gentleman's Acquaintance, whose Hearts, if we consulted, would tell us, with how much Justice* the Disorders of Love *lay Claim to his Protection. And here, Sir, an infinity of Matter presents its self for Panegyrick. And might I expatiate, I could run through a long History of the Glories of your Family; but that the World would tell me, that as the best of Families might pride themselves in your Ancestors, yet your own Vir-*

tues are so transcendent, that the most illustrious of your Ancestors, can pride themselves in nothing more than you. And indeed, when the whole Nation was almost tainted, your Loyalty was Ermine-like. And thus you credited Arms, and Letters, and Good Mien. A Plain Dealer, Sir, would tax me here, I am sure, with being wanting in your just Eulogies; but I am sure I shall never be wanting in the Zeal, Respect, and Passion, wherewith I am,

Sir,

Your most Obedient,

And most Humble Servant,

RICH. GIBBS.

A Catalogue of some *Novels* and *Plays* Printed for *R. Bentley* and *S. Magnes.*

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64 Love Tricks.

65 Fu-

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THE NEW DISORDERS OF LOVE.

A Gallant Novel.

TWO Persons of Quality in *Picardy*, being at variance about some trifling matter, plung'd themselves over head and ears in Law; and for a while persecuted one another, were near Relations, and of the Family; both bearing the

ſame Name, and the ſame Arms. Their Diſpute was about the ſharing of an Eſtate, and of ſuch great Conſequence, as tended to one or the other's ruin. As they were eminent in their Province, their mutual friends made it their buſineſs to procure a Reconciliation, and for that purpoſe propos'd a Match. They had no more Children than one Son and one Daughter; and theſe friends having made them underſtand, that the means of removing all their differences, was to marry them together, they accordingly reſolved ſo to do. The Son was not unhandſome, but whymſical in his humour: and as the advantages of the mind are to be preferr'd to thoſe of the body, he was not in the beſt Repute imaginable in his Neighbourhood. The Daughter was agreeable, and promiſed much. She was yet ſo green in years, as not to know the meaning of an Huſband. Thus when they

they talk'd of marrying her, she seem'd indifferent; but when she knew it to be to her Cousin, she was extreamly affected. She told a woman that had had care of her Education, that better would it have been for her, that her father had been cast in his Law-suit. The woman made her answer, that she wondered to hear her talk in that manner, and that there was nothing to be found fault with in the Person that was proposed to her. As a Dispensation was necessary in this case, they sent to the Court of *Rome*; and while the Messenger was on his journey, the Marquis *de Florence*, so was her Suiter's Name, made love to her. He had lived almost altogether in his Countrey; insomuch that his Deportment could not wipe out the disadvantageous Impression she had entertained of him. On the contrary, the more she saw him, the less she esteemed him; in him find-

ing many bad, and few good Qualities.

From that time she did nought but weep, foreseeing all the misfortunes wherewith she was threatned. At last, the Dispensation being come, she could not decline marrying him; but he enamoured her never the more after he was her Husband, than he had done when he was her Gallant.

In a little while after the Wedding, a great Estate fell to *Florange*; and this enabled him to spend at an high rate. His Wife studying to distance him, told him then, that we liv'd now in a Reign wherein Martial Men were only valued, and that though the bare thoughts of his absence troubled her extreamly, yet could she not but advise him to take upon him some Military Employ: That their Lands lying in the passage of the Forces, the means to preserve them, was to do as Persons of Quality did: That she had

heard

heard, how that in the time of his Ancestors a Soldier did not approach em but with respect; and should be over joyed he might again have the same influence.

The Marquis *de Florange* was of a Family that had produc'd brave men; but the valour of his Ancestors had not reach'd his Person; insomuch that he had been but one single Campaign in the Army: Nay, and he returned thence two months before the rest, as in no wise delighting in that Profession. Thus finding little satisfaction in his Wives Discourse, he reply'd, that her contrivance lay to get him out of the way; but besides the Concerns of his Family, that wedded him to his own house, he was in no wise enclined to give her that satisfaction.

The Marchioness was picqu'd by his answer; and as this his carriage spoke his little regard for her, she told him, that it was long since she

had begun to take notice of his ill humour; but that it was not fitting he should cloak his Capriciousness with a Pretext that did an injury to others. And she happened to mutter him out a Coward; and as nothing is so offensive as truth, the Marquis fell into an extraordinary rage; and they proceeded to give one another hard words.

Some days after, *Florange* being obliged to go thence to *Paris*, upon a Process of Consequence, was at a plunge, whether he should take his Wife along, or leave her at home. He began to be jealous of her, yet without cause; for as yet she saw no body that either had a design upon her, or on whom she could be accus'd of having any. But whether that *Florange* had a secret foreknowledg of his misfortune, or that really he in her found some inclination to Gallantry, ordered one of his Domesticks, before his departure, to have an eye upon her

actions. This Domestick was a middle-aged man, and seemed very discreet. He had been in the Wars in his Youth, where he had learnt to live; but this was all the profit he had made by them; for having been reform'd upon the *Pyrenæan* Peace, and being destitute of maintenance, he was forced to accept of the first Employ that was proposed to him; and the Marquis *de Florange*'s Father having offered him his house, he accordingly listed himself in his Family, as his Gentleman of the Horse, and to have an eye upon his Son, who was then very young. The Condition was mean for such a man as he; but necessity made him pass over all things. Yet though his Fortune was low, his heart was not the less: and indeed he had never loved other than women of Quality, and from the time he first saw the Marchioness, he found he was not proof against her Charms. How-

ever, Respect kept him silent. But the Marquis his Commission beginning to sooth him, he fancied some Change might happen in his Fortune; and that he might insinuate himself into the Marchioness's good Opinion, he imparted the Order to her he had received from her Husband; and assured her that he was more at her Devotion than at any bodies in the world. The Marchioness was surprized at this Discourse, yet not so much for the knowledg it gave her of her Husband's Jealousie, as for this mans good will. For as he had been a long while with the Marquels *de Florange*, and his Father, she could not apprehend how he so lightly quitted their Interests, to embrace those of a person he but lately knew. After that this thought had possessed her for some time, instead of guessing at what thus byassed *Grand Champ*, so was the Name of this Domestick, she imagined that he

he had perceiv'd her innocence, and had only offered her his service out of compassion.

In the mean while, if her Husband had not seemed over-amiable to her before this, she then thought him altogether horrible, and at his return from *Paris*, she had all the pain imaginable to endure him. He came back at length towards the end of Summer, which was very bad that year, by reason of the continual Rains. The succeeding *Autumn* was still more unpleasant, insomuch that all the People of Quality in the Countrey, seeing the bad weather, talk'd of repairing into the Cities. The greater part went to *Paris*; but the Marquis did not think it convenient to carry his Wife thither, he thinking her of too *Modish* an humour. He knew the Husbands were not in safety there; especially those that are not over-amiable, and have very lovely Wives. The Marchioness expected

to spend the Winter in that Town, he having promised she should in the beginning of the Summer; but seeing he changed his mind, this still help'd to make her hate him the more. Nevertheless, as he himself did not over-much delight in a Countrey-house, he resolv'd to go into some small City, where the influence was not so maligne for married people as it might be at *Paris*. His Estate lay about *Soissons*; and this was the place he chose in which to recreate himself during the bad weather. This Town is so pretty, insomuch that the Marchioness lov'd it however better than her Village. No sooner were they got thither, but that the Kings Army in *Flanders* had Orders to separate, and march away to their Winter-Quarters. Many Officers in their Road to *Paris*, passed through *Soissons*, and one among the rest, of an extraordinary merit, and of a very eminent Quality; his Regiment had encamped

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the year afore near the Walls of the Town, with five or six others, that had ſtaid there for fifteen days, inſomuch that he had ſpent that time in making his Court to a Citizen's Wife; and he came purpoſely to ſee her again, ſhe having not uſed him ſeverely.

After he had ſeen her, knowing *Florange* to be at *Soiſſons* with his Lady, he paid him a Viſit. They had made acquaintance at *Paris* two years before, but had never ſeen the Marchioneſs, though he had heard her highly extolled. He found her Fame was ſtill ſhort of her Beauty and Merit, inſomuch that he could not forbear telling *Florange* what he thought of his Choice. The Marquiſs, though of a temper to be eaſily jealous, was not alarm'd at the praiſes he confer'd upon his Wife, as knowing Courtiers to be prodigal of them.

The Marchioneſs, on her ſide, liked the Colonel extreamly, and

was

was as much charm'd with his good Meen as his Reputation; for he had perform'd Actions in War that had made him very conspicuous.

The Marquis *de Florange* asked him what brought him to *Soissons*, because that was not the direct way to go to Court; and as young people have commonly more Vanity than Discretion, the Marquis *de Marville*, so was this Officer called, own'd ingenuously the love he had for the Citizen's Wife, and that she was the cause of his little journey. After this secret, *Florange* did not wonder to see him stay some time in the City, and the more because that people began already to talk of his Intrigue. As soon as the Rumour of it came to the Marchioness ears, she perceiv'd her self vex'd at the Choice he had made, as if she had already interested her self in him. She must needs see the Woman that had made so fine a Conquest; but she saw her not, save with the Eyes

of a Rival; for though she was passably beautiful, she found her altogether unworthy of the thoughts of a man of Honour. *Mairville* knew not what passed in his favour in the Marchioness's bosome; but without penetrating into her sentiments, he had such for her, as came very near those she had for him. He found her infinitely lovely, and her Husband, on the contrary, seem'd to him unworthy of possessing her.

He had been told, that he was the most jealous of all men, insomuch that he pitied her, being fallen into the hands of a Person, who so little knew how to relish the happiness he had in possessing so beauteous a Woman. However, though this thought possessed him wholly, he endeavoured to conceal it as much as he could from all the World, for fear of creating Suspicions in the Marquess *de Florange's* Breast, who after that, would not fail

fail of forbidding him to come to his house, or of carrying his Wife back into the Countrey. Thus he resolved to use so much Mystery in his Love, that no body should have the least inckling of it, save the Marchioness, bounding all his cares to tell her in private what she had kindled in his heart. Thus he for nothing reckon'd the constraint he lived in, being well enough satisfied, provided he gave no jealousie to her Husband. He hoped hereby to render himself agreeable to the Marchioness, as knowing that Women, above all things, prize Discretion. But the Sympathy they had entertained for one another at their first enterview, had already produc'd so much effect upon her, that there was no need of this addition of Civility, to insinuate him into her good Opinion. And indeed whatever her Vertue could dictate to her, to stifle certain agreeable motions she was sensible of in her

her self, upon thinking on him, she could not overcome them. Thus she perceiv'd, that if she meant to preserve her Innocence, she must distance her self from a place where she could not stay, without running the risque of being ruin'd. But much ado had she to come to this Resolution, because nothing is so difficult to reject, as agreeable thoughts; but considering it to be the only means to ward off the afflictions with which she was threatned, she desired the Marquis *de Florange*, that he would go to his Countrey-house; if not, that he would suffer her to go thither without him.

He ask'd her, what could be the cause of so great a change; and her answer was, that the Air of the Town injur'd her, and that that of the Countrey would be much better for her. Yet as she looked well, he thought this to be only a Pretext, and was not over-hasty to grant her

her

her request. Besides, he himself hated, as I have said, the Country, insomuch that for fear of being oblig'd of returning thither, he desir'd the Marquis *de Mainville* to prevail with her to spend the Winter at *Soissons*, telling him, that she would ever contribute towards his Diversion, in case he made any stay in that Town. *Mainville*, who had hitherto in vain waited for an occasion to speak to the Marchioness in private, was over joy'd at this which Fortune sent him. He went at the same time into her Chamber, and surpriz'd her extreamly by his manner of coming thither; for he was quite out of countenance, and as a man newly labouring under some great trouble. She ask'd him, what put him upon coming to see her, he that had not been to see her since he came to Town: and this obliging reproach affording him matter of entring into Discourse, he made her answer, that

that it would be easie for him to satisfie her upon that point, if she would take the trouble of hearing him. Thereupon he acquainted her how passionately he had lov'd her from the first moment he saw her; but that having perceiv'd the jealous humour of her Husband, he had kept that strict hand upon himself, that he believ'd neither he nor she had taken notice of his Passion. That *Florange* sent him thither to discourse her upon business; but being unable to live any longer without knowing after what manner she would receive the offers of his service, he took that time to ask her, whether she would render him unhappy, that he had blaz'd about his design to lye upon another; but that the person he had pretended to love, serv'd only for a Cover to his real inclinations, since he was incapable of loving any other than her.

Main-

Mainville's Diſcourſe ſeem'd to be extreamly grateful to the Marchioneſs, ſince ſhe was as fervently lov'd by him as ſhe lov'd him; nevertheleſs ſhe fell a weeping, as if he had inform'd her of the Death of all her Friends. So extraordinary a procedure put *Mainville* into an extraordinary ſurprize. He ask'd her, why ſhe griev'd ſo very much; but the more he preſſed her to anſwer him, the more her grief ſeemed to augment. He then fell to eying her from head to foot, fearing ſhe was not over-wiſe. This thought had been capable of curing him; but the Marchioneſs breaking ſilence, told him, he would not wonder at her tears after what ſhe had to acquaint him withal: That ſhe lov'd him as much at leaſt as he could love her; and that this her weakneſs made her fearful: That her Deſign was to maintain her Vertue; but that it was difficult to anſwer for it, when one had

had such an inclination for a person, as she had for him. She then inform'd him of the request she had made to her Husband, of carrying her back to their Countrey-house, that she might have the means of shunning his sight; and *Mainville* knew well enough that she spoke the truth, since he himself was engag'd to divert her from her Resolution.

As it is natural to flatter ones self, *Mainville*, instead of being alarm'd at her Vertue, thought only to thank her for her kind thoughts of him; but the Marchioness interrupting him in the midst of his Discourse, told him roundly, that he was not yet got where he imagined, and that the more she was sensible of her weakness, the more efforts she was going to use never to see him again. It is easie to imagine, that he attempted to inspire her with other Sentiments, and exercised his utmost Wit for that purpose; but

but the Marchioness was a Woman of Courage, insomuch that after having left him, she sent for *Grand Champ*, to desire a great service of him. That he had great Credit in her Husbands good Opinion, and wish'd he would employ it so, in obtaining his permission for her to return into the Country. *Grand Champ* was surprised at this Discourse, as knowing the aversion the Marchioness had for a solitary life. Thus his answer was, that she thought not on what she said; and turning her Discourse into Raillery, he assured her he should ever be so careful of her content, as not to procure her a thing as would so much accrue to her dissatisfaction. Then was the Marchioness obliged to put on her most serious looks, to let him know that she spoke in good earnest; and at length she did so thoroughly represent to him, that it would be the doing her a kindness, that he promised her to do all he could

could with *Morange*, to content her in her desires. The Marchioness in discoursing *Grand Champ*, was as free in her speech with him, as she might be with a man whose Conversation could not be of any Consequence, insomuch that she chanc'd to say, that she should be as happy with him in a Village, as if she was in the best City in the world. This man did not want a good Opinion of himself, insomuch, that interpreting these words at the foot of the Letter, he thought he was happier than he had imagin'd. He had ever cloak'd his Love with the appearances of Civility and Respect; he then imagin'd, that without being too vain, he might give it less narrow bounds. Thus he resolv'd on the first occasion, to bemoan himself for the Sentiments he had so long entertained for her, not doubting but that the success would be answerable to his hopes.

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The Marchioness did from day to day wait for her Husband's answer, when *Grand-Champ*, to cut off what was least necessary, told her, that he found it difficult to obtain what she desired; but that he would not desist however. In the space between the Marchioness's request, and *Grand-Champ*'s answer, she saw the Marquis *de Mainville* again; and his Visits did not help to cure her of her Passion. On the contrary, she became so sensible, that she was afraid, that if these Interviews lasted any long time, she should have much a-do at length to reject his persecutions; for he was too urging. Wherefore she told *Grand-Champ*, that she had a secret to trust him withal, but that being of the utmost moment to her, to confide it only in the hands of a man, on whose discretion she might relie; she would have him first swear, that he would never speak of it to any body. *Grand-Champ* was

pre-

pre-poſſeſſed, as I have ſaid, with a great Opinion of himſelf; and this diſcourſe fully perſwading him of his good fortune, he made a thouſand Oaths of Fidelity to the Marchioneſs, to induce her to declare her ſecret to him. She thereupon told him, that though it was not handſome for a Lady to own her weakneſs, ſhe could not however conceal it any longer, without rendring it remedileſs. That ſhe had an inconceivable confuſion for it; but that he ought rather to pity than blame her; and ſo much the more, as that ſhe uſed her utmoſt endeavours, as that ſhe might have nothing to reproach her ſelf withal: That ſhe was going to unboſom to him, to the very ſecret motions of her heart, that it would be for him to condemn her after this, if he found her culpable.

Hitherto the Marchioneſs had ſaid nothing but what entertained *Grand-Champ* in his fooliſh hopes;

but

but when she had declar'd to him the Passion she had for *Mainville*, and that he had for her, he was, for all the world, in as great confusion, as if he had been caught in doing some ill action. *How Madam*, cry'd he, after some moments of silence, *You love the Marquiss* de Mainville! *the Marquess de* Mainville, *who is over head and ears in love with a Citizen's Wife, and who out of Courtship to her, has abandon'd the Care of his Fortune? Yes, I love him*, the Marchioness reply'd faintly, *and my desiring to distance my self from hence, is only for that I am afraid of loving him too much. Many Women in my place, would perhaps contrive the means of seeing him on all occasions; but for my part, I mean to avoid him, because he has a secret Charm, against which I cannot defend my self. Ah Madam! Grand-Champ* reply'd, to whom all these words were as so many stabs into his heart; *seek an other Confident*

than

than me; I find not my self proper to render you the service you require of me, and I should deceive you if I had promised you. At these words he went his way, all transported with anger, without vouchsafing to hear her farther. The Marchioness did what she could to detain him, being very willing to clear all his scruples; but she took her time ill, since the rage he was in to see himself fallen from his hopes, put him into an inconceivable Despair.

As he had manifested a great deal of Passion in the reproaches he had made her, it was no difficult matter for the Marchioness to know, that he was *Mainville*'s Rival. She call'd to mind a world of actions that Love had made him commit, which she had not minded before; but which then confirm'd her in the thought she had of him. Insomuch that she was extreamly vexed that she had made him her Confident. However, as there was now

no Remedy, she fell to contriving how to appease him, and fancied she might do it, had he any reason left. For she represented to her self, that not being Mistress of her own heart, he ought to be satisfied with the efforts she made to stifle her Passion, and with the Resolution she had taken to withdraw into the Countrey. Said she likewise to her self, that if he lov'd her, he would help her to obtain her Husband's leave for that purpose, which she passionately desired, so to root out a Love, which all agreeable as it was, yet made her labour under great apprehensions.

While she was expecting this from *Grand-Champ*'s jealousie, *Mainville* being allarm'd at the instances she made to *Florange*, that she might leave the City, did slily inculcate suspicions in the mind of that credulous Husband; sometimes telling him, after a drolling manner, that his Wife was in love with some or

other in his Neighbourhood. But *Florange*, who far from being tractable upon that matter, was susceptible of the least thing, conceived such disadvantageous impressions of her Conduct, that when she spoke to him again, of returning to their Countrey-house, he not only deny'd her, but did it after such a disobliging manner, that she was netled to the very heart. At first she had recourse to her fears; but Grief having made room for Resentment, it came into her head, to revenge her self that way he most apprehended. For some time she found a certain pleasure in entertaining her self with this thought; but her Vertue having got the ascendant, she blusht for having been capable of conceiving a thing to her so disadvantageous.

In a few days after, *Grand Champ* entred her Room with a wild, staring look, and such as suited very much with the state of his Soul. He told

her, that he came to take his leave of her, and that he had at that time such concerns upon his hands, as obliged him to be gone. His Complements surpris'd the Marchioness. She endeavoured to divert him from his Resolution, rightly guessing at the occasion; but he made her answer, that he could not stay any longer in a place where he should have daily before his Eyes, a Rack a thousand times more cruel than Death it self. That after what she had told him, as he knew the effects of Love, he did not doubt but that the passion she had for the Marquis *de Mainville*, would rather augment than diminish; that he foresaw strange Consequences, not that he suspected her of being ever wanting to her Vertue, but out of the knowledge he had of her Husband's jealous humour, who would be over-joy'd to find a Pretext to use her ill.

Thus did *Grand Champ*, under fine appearances, conceal the real

Cause

Cause of his discontent: for it was only Jealousie that induc'd him to desire to be gone. In the mean while he put a thousand fears into the Marchionesses head, by the misfortunes with which he threatned her: and if the love she had for *Mainville*, had not already been very violent, his Discourse had been capable of clearing her heart of it intirely. She could have wish'd it had been in her power so to have done. And indeed that she might have a person to sustain her staggering Vertue, she conjur'd *Grand-Champ* not to abandon her in her present Condition, promising him to do all things imaginable to overcome her weakness. *You'l see*, said she to him, *that the love I have for* Mainville, *is not an effect of my inclination; and that one's Star may be rectify'd, when it would hurry us into the precipice against our wills. And indeed to what use would our reason be, if we cannot put it in practice*

when we have need of it? and without this, what difference would there be between Men and Beasts?

Grand-Champ was so troubled, that he could hardly understand one bare word of what the Marchioness said; but seeing she press'd him a-new to give her answer: *What would ye have me tell you, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *and will you force me, willy nilly, to own my Crime t' ye? I am as culpable as unfortunate; I know what I am, and what you are; and the knowledge I have of both, has not hindred me from loving you. I adore you, since I must needs tell you so, and you adore the Marquis* de Mainville. *After this, the only course for me, is to distance my self from hence; and tho you should pardon me the excess of my temerity, I could not pardon my self for it, and for having dar'd to love you, without being capable of exciting the same flames in you as you have excited in me. An other inspires you with*

with those agreeable movements, which I would make you sensible of at the cost of my life. Thus it is no longer pleasant to me, since I have nothing more to hope. At these words he would have gone his ways, without staying for an answer; but the Marchioness re-calling him, made him turn his Head against his will; and he observ'd an inconceivable grief in her face. *What would ye have of me, Madam,* he then retorted, with an air wherein Love and Despair did equally appear? *Would ye have me suffer here all that is most cruel for man to suffer? That I see every day before me the most lovely Lady living, without daring to lift up my Eyes to her: Thus I contemplate the love I have for the Marquis* de Mainville, *and that insensible to the one or other, I lead out the most languishing life in the world: No, Madam, you ought not to oblige me to this: you your self would be a loser, in suffering such a Wretch as I*

am, to dare to tell you, that he loves you; and though you could bear with it, yet it would not ease me; I should have ever before my Eyes the Marquis de Mainville's *happiness; and perhaps that believing my self as worthy of being belov'd as he, notwithstanding the difference there is between our Fortune, I should tell you things as might displease you. It is better for me all at once to distance my self from the most amiable person breathing; and though it cost me my Life, Death will be more pleasant to me than a sight that will make me die every moment.* At these words he would again have been going, but the Marchioness holding him by the arm, told him, that if he was minded to oblige her, he would still stay with her Husband: That she bore him not so much ill will for his temerity, as she might have done at an other time, because she her self knew the power of Love. That as to the rest, she was willing to forget all things, provided

vided he promis'd her never to speak to her of his Passion. That Reason must govern him, as she promis'd him to let it govern her her self. That she would have him to be a Witness of the efforts she was going to make, to drive *Mainville* out of her heart; and that if she could not effect that, he would, at least, be with her to mind her of her Vertue.

In fine, as it is impossible to resist what one loves, *Grand-Champ* could not decline obeying the Marchioness, and continued to stay with *Florange*. Nevertheless if she had so much indulgence for him, it was not without very powerful reasons. She consider'd, that the excess of his Despair might prompt him to reveal her secret, and that it would be better for her to constrain her self, than be expos'd to the anger of a Lover, who had just occasion to complain. On the other side, as her design was to be vertuous, she

imagin'd that *Grand-Champ*'s presence would be capable of keeping her in, and that narrowly watching her actions, she should be asham'd after what she had told him, of manifesting any Weakness.

Thus while she was studying all possible means for her security, *Mainville* omitted nothing of what might give a happy success to his Love. He from time to time found the means of discoursing the Marchioness; and his Conversation ruin'd that Ladies Projects. She daily discover'd some new Quality in him, as render'd the Vice less hideous to her, insomuch that she was no longer so very desirous to return into the Countrey.

Florange, all jealous as he was, perceiv'd nothing as yet; but the Citizen's Wife, whom *Mainville* had courted before, finding him more faint than ordinary, examin'd the Cause of it, and was not long without detecting it. Her Rage upon

upon this, was extream; and she was upon the point of letting her jealousie break out, without considering she should injure her self as much as the Marchioness. However, still fearing to be deceiv'd, she would have new Proofs of her Lover's Infidelity, before she proceeded to Reproaches against him, and to Invectives against her Rival.

This Citt, though not of Quality, did nevertheless make some Figure in the Town, as being very rich, and passably handsome. She was one in all the Merry-meetings of that place; and the season of the Carnival then requiring people to be in Disguise, as is the Custom, *Florange* desir'd her to make one in a Masquerade, which *Mainville*, and his Wife were to be of. And that they might be the finer, they sent for Cloaths from *Paris*, six for Men, and six for Women. They were all alike, and suited well enough with an

an Entry. They meant to dance at the Wedding of a very pretty Maid, that was to be very ſuddenly marri-ed. That Day being accordingly come, they procur'd the admiration of all the Company, who were not wont to ſee people that danc'd ſo well as did *Mainville* and the Mar-chioneſs *de Florange*. After they had danc'd, theſe Lovers plac'd themſelves by one another, and *Mainville*, on whom the Citt had her Eyes fixt, having careſs'd the Marchioneſs a little too much, it is difficult to expreſs her vexation on that account. Being tranſported with anger, she went inſtantly to make a thouſand Reproaches to that perfidious man; but having met in the way a female friend of hers, that ſtopp'd her, she neither found *Main-ville*, nor the Marchioneſs, who had left their places to take others. She endeavour'd to find them out in the Crowd, and the Reſemblance of Cloaths deceiving her, she ſaid to

Flo-

Florange, whom she took for *Mainville*, *You betray me, Marquis, but I'le be reveng'd on Madam* de Florange, *though I were to die a moment after.* *Florange* knew the Citts voice again, and her Discourse making an impression upon his Mind, that was but too susceptible of jealousie, he made way into the Crowd, without giving her one word of answer. The Citizen's Wife's Rage was inconceivable in this occasion; She imagin'd her self absolutely slighted, by the manner of his leaving her, and wish'd she could extinguish her passion in a moment; but not being able to effect that, she turn'd all her thoughts to revenge.

In the mean while *Mainville* and the Marchioness being ignorant of what pass'd, did in a Corner enjoy one another's Conversation, without dreaming, that love was preparing them any trouble. *Florange* sought 'em over all, and finding them stept aside, he perceiv'd his

Fury

Fury to re-double. He had open'd his Mouth to ask them what they did there; but considering that the Bustle he might make, would retort upon himself, he made semblance of being ill, that he might have a pretence to go home. When he was come to his house, he bid his Wife prepare to leave *Soissons* on the morrow morning. She ask'd him the reason; but without vouchsafing to specifie any thing, he contented himself with letting her know, that he was not satisfy'd with her Conduct. She did not close her Eyes all the Night long, making however less reflection on *Florange*'s anger, than on *Mainville*'s cruel separation, she beginning to love him more than her own Life. She lay contriving the means to bid him adieu; but not knowing how to do that, she resolved to write to him as soon as it was day. In effect, she was already thinking of having Pen and Paper, when a new Disquiet did utterly con-

confound her Repose. She knew not with whom to trust her Letter, and thereby plainly saw, that it would be to no purpose for her to write. The day being come, she began to slumber, when her Husband told her, that for a person that was going a Journey, it became her not to sleep so late. Whereupon he made her get out of Bed; after which he went into her Closet, and took thence her Ink and Paper, saying, that he must rifle her of her Courtship, and deprive her of the means of letting her Lover hear from her.

The Marchioness look'd upon him then after a scornful manner, without making him any reply; but she lost all her firmness when she was to take Coach; then did she revolve *Mainville's* Despondency in her Mind, when he came to know of her Departure; and her Lover's Affliction affected her more than her own Grief. However, as Love becomes

the

the stronger by persecution, she quickly perceiv'd that she lov'd him more than she had ever yet lov'd any body. After she was come to their Countrey-house, her Husband suspecting that she would not rest so contented, if the Love she had for *Mainville* was in any wise strong, he left her neither Ink nor Paper; besides forbidding his people to give her any, though she ask'd for it.

While all this pass'd in this manner, *Mainville* dreaming of nothing less than of what had happen'd, sent a *How d' ye* to *Florange*'s Lodgings. The man he had encharg'd with this Message being return'd thence, and having brought him back word, that he was gone that morning with his Wife, to return to his own house, surpriz'd him extreamly. He would believe nothing of it at first, but it having been confirm'd to him from another hand, he presently judg'd, that so sudden a departure was the effect of *Florange*'s Jealousie. He

like-

likewise fancy'd, that there was only himself in the Town that he could fix it upon. Thus he rejected his first thoughts, which suggested to him to run after his Mistress. Then seeing that it would be to no purpose for him to stay any longer at *Soissons*, he resolv'd to be gone to *Paris*, whence he had a design to send a man on purpose to the Marchioness. As he was just ready to take Horse, the Citizen's Wife came to his Lodgings, all transported with Fury, for she had newly been told, that he was just going, without so much as bidding her farewell. She upbraided him with what she had done for him, and his little acknowledgment for all, and forgot not to speak of what had past the Evening before, accusing him of being the most ungrateful of all men, in not vouchsafing so much as to take the pains to undeceive her. *Mainville* being surpriz'd at this reproach, which he did not think he had in-

curr'd,

curr'd, caus'd the thing to be explain'd to him at length; and seeing that the Citt's mistake had occasion'd *Florange's* Jealousie, he made her no great reparation for his Coldness; and on the contrary, treated her with sufficient Contempt. After having dismiss'd her, he departed the Town, on the Road thinking only of the Marchioness, who on her side was only taken up with his remembrance. For without otherwise minding her Husband's rigours, who treated her with sufficient indignity, and who had her watch'd by five or six persons, to whom he had not been asham'd to discover his Weakness; she wish'd for nothing else than to know what was become of *Mainville*. Thus all her thoughts only tending that way, she took a Resolution difficult to form, but which was a strong Proof of her Love. For forgetting all the allarms she had had by having confided her secret in *Grand-Champ*, she conceiv'd a design

to

to make use of him to be the *Go-between* of her and *Mainville*, and to let him hear from her. She knew not however what course to take to exact this Service from him, after what she had said to him; for she dreaded his Reproaches. At length Love being stronger in her than any other Consideration, she conjur'd him, with Tears in her Eyes, to free her out of pain, and carry a Letter to her Lover. *You love me, Grand-Champ*, said she to him, *and I shall be glad to know it in this Occasion. You'l make me die of Grief, if you refuse me; whereas you'l restore me to Life by doing me this Service. It will cost me mine, Madam*, answer'd *Grand-Champ* immediately, *and you have the cruelty, to desire that I should die the most cruel Death imaginable. But no matter, since this must oblige you, it is for me to obey you without reply.*

After she had thus got his consent, she ask'd him for Paper and Ink; which he was oblig'd to furnish her withal

withal accordingly. When she had writ her Letter, she gave it him, begging him to make dispatch, that so *Mainville* might receive it before he arrived at *Paris*, whither she suspected him to be going. *Grand-Champ*, all pierc'd with Grief, took it from her hands, and pretending some business, that he might get *Florange*'s leave, he mounted on Horse-back, and overtook *Mainville* half way. *Mainville*, whom the Marchioness had made the Confident of *Grand-Champ*'s Love, trembled at her rashness in trusting him with a matter of this consequence; but at the same time admiring the fidelity of this Domestick, he would needs embrace him, and speak the sence he had of so generous an action. But *Grand-Champ* retiring two steps back, to avoid his Caresses, told him, that far from allaring him, that he was his Servant, he would frankly tell him, that there was not a man in the World, that he hated more than

than him; that he was well enough acquainted with the reasons; and that if he had stoop'd so far as to deliver him a Letter from the Marchioness, he thought him possess'd of so much delicacy, as not to confound the Character of a passionate Lover, with that of an Unfortunate Rival: That he might judge of his Love by the instance he had newly giv'n of it, and the more his Love was violent, the more the effects of it were to be feared.

Mainville took no notice that he heard his Menaces; and indeed far from shewing any resentment, he did what he could to gain so generous a man, offering him a World of fine things, as of advancing him in War, and serving him with all his Credit. But all these Promises did not work upon *Grand-Champ*, to do any thing that was low, maintaining his generosity to the last. After this *Mainville* made answer to the Marchioness, and put his Letter into the

hands

hands of this Domestick. She had sent him Word in hers, of what had been the Occasion of her Departure, and how out of the desire she had to see him again, she would rather feign some illness, that she might go to the Waters of *Bourbon*. She was overjoy'd to hear, that *Mainville* would on his side be there; for so he assur'd her by his Letter, insomuch that she only discours'd *Grand-Champ* of her impatience till the season of the Waters was come. *The time betwixt this and that*, said she to him, *will last me a thousand years, and out of the fondness I am under, of seeing him again, there will not be a day but will seem longer than whole years to me. I own that hopes will in some manner ease my pain; but whatever Blessing I expect from so dear a sight, I shall purchase it dearly by the uneasinesses I am going to be under, for fear he should fail his Word.* *Grand-Champ*, continu'd she, *May not the King march to his*

Con-

Conquests in the time of Waters, and dost thou think that Mainville *can dispence himself from following him? Honour is a thing very nice in the Soul of a Man of Quality, and I am undone, if* Mainville *prefers it before his Love.*

Grand-Champ hearken'd to all this with a Countenance wherein Despair and Rage seem'd to triumph over his Passion. Nay, and sometimes was he just ready to load her with Reproaches, if by a return very usual with Lovers, he had not been more afraid of vexing her than of any thing else. However being no longer able to stay in the presence of a Woman that set him a raving mad, he went his ways without saying a word to her. But she was so possess'd with her Reflexions, that she did not so much as take notice of what was become of him.

When it was at length the season of drinking the Waters, she ask'd her

her Husband leave to go thither, and he could not handsomely refuse her, because she had pretended to be sick, having besides slily engag'd the Physicians to say that she stood in need of them for her recovery. Nevertheless *Florange* being resolv'd not to leave her one step, made semblance on his side, that the Waters would be good for him, and went along with her. The Marchioness's spite was extraordinary in this Occasion, and if she had durst, she had let it fly out to strange Extremities. She then fell to thinking how to break off this Journey; but making reflexion that so doing would but too clearly manifest her Intrigue, she resolv'd to advertise *Muinville* of what occurr'd, that he might take his measures for his seeing her on the Road.

Grand-Champ was again encharg'd to carry him this News; and having accordingly done it with the same fidelity

fidelity he had exerted the time before, *Mainville* took Horſe for *Montargis*, and ſtay'd in the beſt Inn, where the Marchioneſs had writ him word ſhe was to lodg. Nevertheleſs he had no other Train than a *Valet de Chambre*; and for the obviating all ſuſpicion, in caſe he ſtaid there any time, he pretended to be ſick, that he might at freedom wait the Marchioneſſes coming. Two days after, ſhe arriv'd there with her Huſband; and no ſooner was ſhe alighted, but that ſhe gave *Grand-Champ* order to acquaint *Mainville*, that ſhe was deſirous to ſee him. *Mainville* told *Grand-Champ*, that could not be till after her Husband was gone to Bed; and as the Marchioneſs did not lie with him, they would have all ſort of leiſure of converſing together. When *Grand-Champ* had giv'n this account to the Marchioneſs, *Ah my God!* cry'd ſhe, *That's impoſſible: How ſee me by Night? That's ſeek-*

ing his own ruin, and the ruining of my self. What would Florange *say if he came to know it? and would there after that be any mercy for me? What say you,* Grand-Champ*? give me good advice in this matter.* *Grand-Champ*, being enrag'd at what he did, and what he was ſtill oblig'd to hear, anſwer'd not a word; but ſeeing that ſhe preſs'd him to tell her his Opinion; *How, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *Ought you not to be ſatisfy'd with what I here do, but you muſt needs conſtrain me to diſcourſe you upon a thing of this nature? And to what purpoſe would it be for me to diſſwade you from ſeeing the Marquis* de Mainville, *ſince you will not follow my advice? Why will I not follow it*, the Marchioneſs anſwer'd; *and ſhould I not be glad, that you would let me ſee that it was impoſſible to afford him this ſatisfaction. No, Madam, it is not impoſſible*, reply'd *Grand-Champ, ſince that you doubt*

of it, and you will infallibly see him in your Chamber, since you only deliberate to know whether the thing be feasible or not. I thought you would have declin'd it out of fear of wounding your honour; but the happy Marquis triumphs over your Scruples. You at first told me, you meant to shun him, with such a World of Precaution; and now you are no longer afraid of singling him out to a private Rendezvouze. Ah, Grand-Champ, you are mistaken, the Marchioness answer'd, *and if he comes into my Chamber, I mean not, that you shall go one step from me, that so you your self may be a Witness, that nothing shall there pass, but what's honest; and that though I be wanting to Decency, I at least am not wanting to Virtue. No, 'tis you that are mistaken, Madam,* cry'd *Grand-Champ, if you believe you can be wanting to Decorum, without being wanting to Virtue; for there is such a connexion between them two, that a person can no longer be said to*

be innocent, when she has once fail'd in her Conduct, It is for you to make reflexion thereupon; and if it proves my misfortune, that my Remonstrances will nothing avail, you need only say what you desire of me: I will still bring, if you order me, this happy Lover, into your very Chamber; but do not oblige me to be present at a Conversation that would make me mad.

As soon as *Grand-Champ* had made her these offers, she took him at his Word, conjuring him to pay her this Service. She no longer insisted for him to be present in the Room with *Mainville*; and this Circumstance cast him into the utmost Despondency; for he fram'd such things in his Imagination as she did not in the least dream of; and which his Jealousie nevertheless made him think to be real. The Marchioness's Chamber was at the end of a Gallery; and there was a kind of *Anti chamber*, where *Grand-Champ*

Champ had Orders to lye. The Marquis *de Florange* having commanded him to watch his Wife's Conduct so narrowly, as that he might be able to give an exact account of it. Thus it lay in his power to let in whom he pleas'd; and the excess of his love requiring him to pay this Service to his Rival, he introduc'd him into the Marchionesses Chamber, and shut the door upon them. While *Mainville* was there, an Adventure happen'd in the Inn, that made them both more than a little uneasie. One of the Servants being in Love with the Maid, and fancying he had perceiv'd some Bowels of kindness in her towards him, he stole softly into her Chamber, and made her start out of her sleep. This Wench being honest, beyond what is ordinary in those of her stamp, being to the highest degree surpriz'd at his insolence, gave then a great Scream, which put all the house into allarum. The Mar-

quis *de Florange* awak'd at this noiſe, as well as the reſt, and having heard how the caſe ſtood, he was heard to cry out aloud, *kill him, kill him.* For he had a natural averſion for all thoſe that endeavour'd to debauch other mens Wives; fearing, that if he appear'd indulgent upon the Article, it might give ſome Gallant the Boldneſs to ſparkle it to his. His Voice immediately ſtruck *Mainville's* and the Marchioneſſes Ears; and *Mainville* thinking it was him he meant, drew his Sword at the ſame time, telling the Marchioneſs, that it would not be ſo eaſie a matter as was imagin'd, to take away his Life. At theſe Words he broke out of her Arms, that graſp'd him tenderly, as if ſhe meant to bid him a laſt farewell, and ruſhing out of the Chamber, he ran towards the place where he heard *Florange* a talking. When he was got to the end of the Gallery, he perceiv'd him in his Night-Gown, by the Light of a

Candle,

Candle, which a Lacquey held before him. This Lackquey no sooner saw *Mainville*'s Sword glitter, but that he let fall the Candle out of fear, at the same time giving a dismal Schrick. *Florange*, for his part made haste into his Chamber, having likewise perceiv'd the Sword; insomuch that *Mainville* finding no body to dispute the passage with him, he entred his own Room, without *Florange*'s being able to say, who had put him to so great a fright.

In the mean while the Marchioness being under a most doleful disquiet for what would happen to *Mainville*, went out into the Gallery to listen; but coming to know, that the noise that had been made in the Inn, had been occasion'd by the Man and Maids Adventure; and hearing no talk of her Lover, she dispers'd her fears. After this *Grand-Champ* advis'd her to go to Bed, that if her Husband should by chance come into her Chamber, he might

not ask why she had sate up so late. Hardly was she undress'd, but that *Florange*, who had had time to call all his People to his succours, came, and knock'd at her Door, with such a noise, that a body would have said, he meant to break it open. *Grand-Champ* went and open'd it; and the first thing *Florange* ask'd him, was, if a man did not go out of his Chamber with his Sword in his hand. He made him answer, that no body could go out there, since the Door had been always shut, and that if he had not heard his Voice, he would not have open'd it. After this, *Florange* knock'd at his Wife's Chamber-door; and there she made him wait for some time, to make him believe that she was in a deep sleep. At last she made semblance of awaking her Woman, that was a Confident of her Intrigue, and who had been present all the while *Mainville* staid with her. *Florange* tax'd 'em both with their sleeping so

fast,

fast, after they had assur'd him, they heard not the least of all the noise that had been made in the Inn.

As soon as *Florange* had left his Wife, he made reflexion upon the Vision he had had of the Sword, and relying upon what *Grand-Champ* had said to him, he fancy'd the man to have come out of some of the next Chambers to that of the Marchioness. Thus all was appeas'd in the Inn; after which all fell asleep again, as if nothing had happen'd. There was only *Mainville*, the Marchioness, and *Grand-Champ*, that could not be of those that tasted of Rest; for their Amour furnish'd them with sufficient matter of anxiety. As for *Grand-Champ*, it is easie to judge he was over-whelm'd with grief, and that he could not think of his cruel Destiny, without believing himself the most unfortunate of all men. As to *Mainville* and the Marchioness, though they

ought to be ſo ſatisfy'd, being ſure of one anothers Love, yet they had great cauſe of vexation. They had hop'd to have enjoy'd one anothers Company for a whole Night together, and an unhappy Adventure of a Man and a Maid, had diſappointed their hopes. Beſides, they knew not when they might ſee one another again; for as they had not had the leiſure to take their meaſures together, *Mainville* was upon the point of returning to the Army, and the danger he was going to run, did extraordinarily allarum his Miſtreſs.

The Day being come, *Florange* and his Wife continued their way; and being arriv'd at *Bourbon*, they took the Waters, of which they had no great need. But as it is not the ſame thing with thoſe Waters, as with the Water of the *Seine*, which one may drink of, without fear of injuring ones ſelf, they ſpoil'd their Stomacks, either that they had already

ready a Diſpoſition thereunto, or that God thought fitting to puniſh them for feigning to be ſick. Their Indiſpoſition began with a great Indigeſtion, which at firſt hinder'd them from ſleeping, and a *Fever* coming thereupon, it was fear'd this Malady might have ill Conſequences. Thus for prevention, they had recourſe to the moſt able Phyſicians; but they exhauſted their whole Knowledg, without giving any eaſe to their Patients. This occaſion'd their Friends to begin to deſpair of their Health. The Marquis *de Mainville* was then at the Army, whither he went after the adventure of *Monturgis*. The Marchioneſs, thinking her ſelf at the Extremity, ſignify'd to him the ſtate ſhe was in; and he had no ſooner learnt this ill News, but that he reſolv'd to go ſee her, let what would come on't. There was no room for his deſiring leave. The King granted none: Wherefore he pretended himſelf ſick, that he might have

have a pretence to be carry'd into a Neighbouring Town. As ſoon as he was there arriv'd, he won the heart of his Landlord, and of a Phyſician, and prevail'd with them to give out, that he was in great danger; inſomuch, that when any one came to pay him a Viſit, they ſaid, he was not to be ſeen, by reaſon of the Violence of his Diſtemper. His Servants had alſo Order to remain bare-headed in his Room, and when any Perſons came to enquire after his Health, they made them anſwer ſoftly at the Door, as if they had been afraid of diſturbing his Head. In the mean while *Mainville* having taken his meaſures thus well, went away Poſt in the dusk of the Evening, and repair'd to *Paris*, where the Marchioneſs *de Florange* was ſick. He ſaw her by *Grand Champ*'s means, and found her in better Health than he expected. For her Diſtemper, when juſt upon the point of tumbling her in-

to her Grave, was diminish'd all on the sudden; and but that her looks spoke her to have been ill, a man would hardly have believ'd it, so well was she recover'd. The Marchioness's joy was great, to see so signal an instance of her Lover's Passion. She embrac'd him with an extraordinary tenderness, and by insatiable Caresses, testify'd she could never sufficiently express her acknowledgment.

Mainville, who was as foolish as are all people that are in Love, was charm'd with her affection, and neglected his Duty; insomuch that he was now but little afraid of his Cheat coming to be detected. Thus giving all his Thoughts, and all his Cares to his Mistress, his contrivance lay only how to be daily with her; in which he found nevertheless some difficulty, because that *Grand-Champ* was to depart that very Evening, to go into *Picardy*, whither he was sent by *Florange*. Nevertheless, to re-

return after having ſeen her but once, was a thing he could not reſolve on, finding he had hazarded too much to have ſuch ſcanty ſatisfaction. In fine, after having one while liſten'd to his Reaſon, which adviz'd him to return to the Army, and another while his Paſſion, that thwarted thoſe Intentions, this latter got the Aſcendant, and he ſtudy'd the means of getting to ſpeak, at leaſt once again with his Miſtreſs. For that purpoſe he dreſs'd himſelf up as a Phyſician, and under that Habit he had free admittance into her Chamber, without needing any body to introduce him. Though that his Features were too deeply engrav'd in the Marchioneſſes mind, for her to miſtake him, yet the ſurpriſe of that Lady was extream, when he took her by the Arm, to feel her Pulſe. She immediately dimiſs'd all the Servants out of the Room, except her Woman, whom ſhe did not ſuſpect. Then giving

Main-

Mainville a ſtrong Reprimand, for expoſing himſelf and her too to ſuch a danger, ſhe forbid him to venture ſo again, telling him, that he ought, at leaſt, to advertiſe her of his Diſguiſe, to prevent her firſt ſurpriſe. *Mainville* excus'd himſelf the beſt he could, rejecting all upon his Love, and upon his not having known that *Grand-Champ* was to be gone till after he had left her. After this Converſation, they began an other, extreamly tender; and as they were going to engage deeply into amorous ſoftneſſes, the Marchioneſſes uſual Phyſician came in, who was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find an other Phyſician at the ſick Beauties Beds-head. His Cheeks glow'd for meer anger, thinking that he was ſlighted. He ask'd *Mainville*, by whoſe Order he came thither, he whom he did not know to be of the Faculty of *Paris*. *Mainville* was ſtrangely *non plus'd* at his Queſtion, ſeeing how furi-

ous

ous he was upon the matter: But making a Vertue of Neceſſity, he reply'd, that he went no where without being ſent for: That though he was not of the Faculty of *Paris*, yet he was not the leſs expert; and that the Phyſicians of *Montpelier* did in nothing come ſhort of all the Phyſicians of the Kingdom.

There is a certain Antipathy between the Phyſicians of *Paris*, and thoſe of *Montpelier*, inſomuch that this Diſcourſe ſtill augmented the uſual Phyſician's Reſentment. He took fire at the ſame time, and after having diſcharg'd his Choler againſt this new Doctor, he told the Marchioneſs, that ſince ſhe put ſo much Confidence in an ignorant Fellow, ſhe might make uſe of him, and that it was the laſt time he would viſit her. Nevertheleſs, upon his going away, he went to *Florange's* Chamber, where his heart being full of what had befallen him, he com-

plain'd

plain'd of the Affront that was done him. *Florange* was ſtill very ſick, being nothing ſo near his recovery as his Wife was to hers. For he had ſtill daily Tranſports in his Brain, that made him rave; but being the moſt jealous of all men, he immediately diſtruſted the *Montpelier* Phyſician, and to ſee if he was not miſtaken, he at the ſame time took his Night-Gown, and went into his Wives Chamber. On the way he told the Doctor, that it was for his ſake that he took this pains, as being willing to conceal his Jealouſie. The Doctor was ſo tranſported with Anger, that he made not any effort to hinder him; and though he knew well enough in his mind, that ſtirring out of his Bed did not befit his preſent Circumſtances, yet he was over-joy'd that he had this ſatisfaction given him. *He'l be your Death*, ſaid he to him as they went along, *if you make uſe of him. He is but a meer Quack, and*

and that you'l presently perceive by his Meen. As he entertain'd him with such like Discourses, to animate him the more, they entred the Marchioness Chamber; and *Florange*'s surprise was extraordinary, when he found that the Physician of *Montpelier*, and the Marquis *de Mainville*, were but one and the same thing. *How*, cry'd he at the same time, *the Marquis* de Mainville *turn'd Doctor! How can that be, and since when is this* Metamorphosis? *I must be reveng'd, and offer up to my resentment a Friend that ruines me, and triumphs over my Honour.* At this Name of *Mainville*, which was universally known, the true Physician remain'd as much confounded as *Florange:* for he then plainly saw he had committed a great mistake, in discovering what but for him had been conceal'd. He trembled for fear, knowing how dangerous it was to incur the Indignation of a man of that Consequence

ſequence; Wherefore he would have given all he had to have retriev'd the Blunder he had made.

On the other ſide, *Mainville* and his Miſtreſs were no leſs afraid than the Doctor; but Love, which was the firſt cauſe of this Diſorder, ſince it was it that had indue'd *Mainville* to put himſelf into a Diſguiſe, ſuggeſted a thing to *Mainville*, that freed them both out of perplexity. He began to ſeize upon the Marquis *de Florange*, crying, that his Frenzy took him; and that if they did not carry him back to Bed, it was capable of being his Death. He at the ſame time trode upon the Phyſician's Foot; and he underſtanding what this meant, joyn'd with him to make the poor *Florange* believe, that he was very ill. *Good Lord! what a furious tranſport*, cry'd the Doctor at the ſame time, *to take a Phyſician for a Marquis, and to ſuſpect him alſo of attempting upon his Honour. My Lord, you muſt drink a re-*

a refreshing Ptisanne, or else you are a lost man. Florange was terribly enrag'd at this Discourse, as not over-well knowing whether he rav'd or not. However, the two Physicians, his Wife, and her Woman, ceas'd not dragging of him into his own Room, and putting him to Bed again in spight of his teeth. Then had he a real Phrenzy, holding a thousand extravagant Discourses. The Physician of *Montpelier* took that time to bid the Company farewel; and the Marchioness saw him depart with less regret; judging, that after what had happen'd, it would be putting him into too evident a danger, and her self too for to detain him.

When *Mainville* was gone away, he went to his House who writes the *Gazet*; where in consideration of some money, he had inserted, that he was extream sick in the Town where he was thought to be,

and

and that there was no longer any hopes of his Life. From thence he went to *Florange*'s Physician, to whom he said, that he pardon'd him for having hamper'd him in so unlucky a business, provided he would maintain to the very last, what he had so well began. He thereupon acquainted him with what he had newly done, that so he might disabuse *Florange*, if he continued to affirm, that he was paulm'd upon by his Wife. He told him, that the *Gazet* was to be vended the next day throughout the City, and that this fell out very pat for their purpose. After this, he went his ways for the Army, where there was not the least suspicion of all the Pranks he came from playing. *Florange*'s Fit went away, having lasted full Fourteen Hours. He sent for a Kinsman of his Wives, to whom he made his Complaints upon what had befallen him the Evening before, telling him,

him, that he could not keep her after this. This man, who by chance, had read the *Gazet* in the morning, and knew besides that *Florange* had raved all the Night imagin'd at his hearing him talk of *Mainville*, that he was still in his raving Fit. Thus without answering to his Discourse, he told him, that he was only to be fed with good Broths, that so he might be brought to his right Senses, and his Head setled. But *Florange* bursting out into anger; *My Head*, said he to him, *is too sick ever to be setled, and I wonder that you, who are my Relation, as well as Madam* de Florange's, *would make me believe that I am a Visionary fellow. You are so in truth, if there ever was one*, this Kinsman answer'd, *I conceive a jealousie of a man, who at this hour is not perhaps alive.* Mainville *has been sick a long time, and the state he is in, does with Vengeance hinder him from thinking*

of your Wife. Take my Word, Cousin, if you mean to fall out with her, use at least a more probable pretext than this; for you'l have no body on your side, as long as you have this only to say against her. Thereupon the wonted Physician entred, who had provided himself with a *Gazet*; and *Florange* going to take him for Witness, that he affirm'd nothing but what was true, had the confusion to see himself still accus'd of raving. *You think not of what you say, My Lord,* said this Physician to him; *'tis the Remains of your Distemper that make you talk in this manner: The Marquis* de Mainville *lies at the utmost extremity; and if he dies, it will be a great loss to his Family.* Thereupon he took the *Gazet* out of his Pocket, and read aloud the Article concerning this Marquis. After this he highly extoll'd his Noble Actions; adding, that he might have push'd on his

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Fortune much farther, but for ſo haſty a Death. *Florange*'s confuſion was great, after reading of the *Gazet*. He began to believe, that the violence of his Malady was the occaſion of his Suſpicions; and after having more and more confirm'd himſelf in this Opinion, becauſe that his Kinſman, and the Phyſician, ſtill continued to tell him the ſame thing, at length he was ſo well perſwaded, that he ask'd the former pardon for the Complaints he had made to him.

The Marchioneſs had been hitherto under extraordinary fear; but being inform'd by her Phyſician, that her Huſband began to repent of his having tax'd her, ſhe quickly diſmiſs'd her apprehenſions. The reſt of the Summer was ſpent without furniſhing her with any other Adventure; and her Huſband being quite out of danger, ſhe went along with him to their Countrey-houſe. About the

be

beginning of *Autumn* they took a journey to our Lady of *Liesse*, in acknowledgment of their Recovery; and Devotion having ſpirited *Mainville* to go thither at his return from the Campaign, he accidentally met them as they were in the Church. *Mainville* made no ſcruple of accoſting *Florange*, twitting him with his going from *Soiſſons* without bidding him adieu. *Florange* was in a rage, that he was oblig'd to ſuffer his Converſation: Thus he receiv'd him coldly: but *Mainville* having perceiv'd it, made as if he had urgent Buſineſs; inſomuch that he himſelf freed him out of perplexity, by re-mounting on Horſe back. By this means he had not time to diſcourſe the Marchioneſs; but his eyes finding her more beauteous than ever, they explain'd to her in one moment all that he had to ſay to her. After he was gone, *Florange* re-calling all his *Idea's* into his memory, took it ill,

that he ſhould meet 'em ſo pat at our Lady of *Lieſſe*. He imagin'd, that this could not fall out without his being advertiz'd; and in his heart he accus'd the Marchioneſs of it. After having perform'd his Devotions in that Church, he return'd to his own home, and on the Road ſpoke not ſo much as one Word to his Wife; ſo ſpighted was he at this Adventure. When he was come thither, he entertain'd *Grand-Champ* with the Encounter he had had, and declar'd to him his Suſpicions. *Grand-Champ* jump'd with him in his Opinion; but yet endeavour'd to undeceive him, that he might not expoſe the Marchioneſs to vexatious Reproaches. He was ſtill over Head and Ears in Love with her; inſomuch, that this Lady coming on her ſide to tell him, how Chance had brought *Mainville* and her to an Interview, when ſhe leaſt expected it. *That was no hard matter, Madam*, ſaid

he to her; *and when one is of intelligence with chance, things still more surprizing happen out.* The Marchioness being amaz'd at the freedom he took of making her Reproaches, told him after a disdainful manner, that it became indeed such a man as he to intermeddle in her concerns: That now she plainly perceiv'd her mistake, when she thought him an honest man; and that all Servants return'd sooner or later to their Character. It is impossible to express how dismally the amorous *Grand-Champ* was mortify'd with this word Servant. He had hitherto imagin'd he might one day come to touch the Marchioness, if she once came to make reflection of all he did for her; But losing all hopes after this last instance of her Contempt, he left her with his heart full of rage. *No, she does not deserve,* said he to himself, *the esteem of a worthy man: She's a meer Coquet, that's won by a gaudy out-*

side; and I ought to indulge my Revenge, unless I mean to pass for the most faint-hearted of all Lovers. I serve a Rival, to please him; I tack my self to death, as a body may say, to serve the man in the World I most hate; I espouse the interests of that ungrateful Woman, to make her Husband believe, that he has a Wife extream discreet; yet for my reward she calls me Servant.——No, I cannot think on't without bursting into a Fury; and either I have no power over my mind, or I shall quickly forget her.

As *Grand-Champ* was entertaining himself with this Discourse, and much other stuff of the like Nature, that expres'd the excess of his Resentment, word was brought him, that a man enquir'd for him; and going to see who it was, it was found to be a Person from *Mainville.*

This Marquis had made a stop at *Villers-Cotterets*, whence he had written

ten to his Miſtreſs. His Meſſenger having preſented his Letter to *Grand Champ*, beſought him to make an anſwer as ſoon as poſſible to his Maſter. *Grand Champ* return'd a moment after, and told the Meſſenger, that *Mainville* might come about midnight, and that he ſhould find the Park-door open: That the Marchioneſs had not had time to write to him; but that this was ſufficient. This man made haſte to return; and when half way, he met *Mainville*, who was ſo impatient to know if the Marchioneſs would accept of a Rendez-vouze, that he required of her by his Letter, that he was mounted on Horſe back, to avail himſelf of it the ſooner. This Meſſenger gave him an account of what *Grand-Champ* had ſaid to him; but at the ſame time adviz'd him to turn back, ſaying, that he ſeem'd to be in a ſtrange Concern, when he gave him his Anſwer; and that either he was

mistaken, or that it was not safe to trust to his Word. *Mainville* made a mock of his fear, and continued on his way. But this Messenger was not so much mistaken as *Mainville* imagin'd. For indeed *Grand-Champ* finding that this occasion was favourable to revenge himself of the Marchioness's slights, had carry'd *Mainville*'s Letter to *Florange*, in the first Heat of his Resentment, letting him by that see that his Suspicions were not over-ill grounded. Nevertheless, he was cautious of telling him, that he was the Party that had carry'd on the Intrigues of these Lovers to the point it was at. Far from this, he made him believe, that this Letter was fallen by chance into his hands; and that he had no sooner seen what it contain'd, but that he had deliver'd it to him.

Florange being ascertain'd of his Dishonour, or at least, that he was robb'd of his Wife's Heart, did not hesi-

heſitate one moment, as to being reveng'd. He, with *Grand-Champ*, reſolv'd to ſurprize *Mainville* in his Wife's Chamber, and ſacrifice them both to his Reſentment. In the mean time *Mainville* ſtill advanc'd, not in the leaſt dreaming of what was brewing againſt him. He found the Park-door open, as *Grand-Champ* had ſent him word, and ſlipping between a Paliſade, he got to the Houſe-door, which was half open. *Grand-Champ*, the better to make him fall into the Trap that was laid for him, had not only deſcrib'd the Houſe to the Meſſenger, but had likewiſe promis'd to ſtand behind this laſt Door, whence he was to convey *Mainville* into the Marchioneſſes Room. He had likewiſe told this Lady, that *Mainville* was to come to her, that ſhe might leave her Door open. Her eagerneſs to ſee him again, had made her fall into the Snare, without requiring other aſſurance than

Grand-Champ's Word. When *Mainville* was come to the House-door, he really found this Domestick, who conducted him as far as the Marchioness's Room, whose Door he found. *Grand-Champ*, after that, withdrew; but by a surprizing Recollection, he, who only breath'd Revenge, since the Marchioness had treated him ill, found himself mov'd with Compassion, revolving in his mind the unhappy Condition to which she was going to be reduc'd. In short, his Love got the upper-hand in a moment. His Eyes were all bath'd in Tears, out of Grief for having been the Cause of so lovely a Person's Death; and in a word, if nothing was to do, but to give her the very last Drop of his Blood, to repair what he had done, he would willingly have given it.

In the mean while he was to give an Answer to *Florange*, who had planted himself behind a Palisade

sade of Maple to see *Mainville* pass. This Husband had heard him as he slipt by between the Trees. Nay, and had seen him; insomuch, that growing weary of staying any longer in that place, since it was time to come to slashing, he went his way, to know what detain'd *Grand-Champ* from coming to give him notice. He found this Unfortunate Domestick Twenty Paces from his Ambuscade: and having ask'd him, whether he had conducted *Mainville* above Stairs, he made answer, No; and that he must needs have fail'd the Assignation. *Prethee, why that upon me,* reply'd *Florange* in anger; *for I saw him pass by where I was.* At these words he would have gone up into the Marchioness's Chamber; but *Grand-Champ* stopping him by the Arm, told him, that his going might cause him to miss his aim; that it was convenient for him to go up first, to see if *Main-*

ville was there; that he would come and give him an account at the bottom of the Stairs; and that afterwards it would be for him not to lose the occasion of being reveng'd. *Florange*, notwithstanding the greatness of the Offence, could not yet put off a certain Fear that was natural to him. Thus being willing that any other than himself should make the first Paces, he complyd with all *Grand-Champ* propos'd, and staid for him at the bottom of the Stairs. *Grand-Champ* seeing this, mounted above, without losing of time; and having caus'd the Door to be open'd, he extreamly surpriz'd these Lovers, when he told them all was ruin'd. Being seiz'd with Fear, they ask'd him what had fallen out: But *Grand-Champ*, more undone than they, made answer, that it was not a time to hold long Discourses, and that *Mainville* must be gone at the very instant, if he meant

meant to be alive a Quarter of an Hour after. That he would find *Florange* at the bottom of the Staircase; and that to pass safely, he must counterfeit his Voice, and tell him, that now is the time for you to be reveng'd. That he could say nothing more to him at present, and that another time he would unravel this mystery unto him.

At these words he took *Mainville* by the Arm, to shove him out, conjuring him to make his escape, and at the same time to save the Marchioness's Honour and Life. As this Discourse was too pressing to lose time in deliberation, he did not stand upon much entreaty: Down stole he as softly as he could, holding by the Rails, and finding *Florange* at the bottom, who stopp'd him, he whisper'd in his Ear what *Grand-Champ* had said to him. *Florange* heard those words distinctly, but did not know his Voice; insomuch, that think-

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ing to find *Mainville* above, he mounted hastily, breathing nothing but Revenge. *Mainville* had left the Marchioness Chamber-Door open, and *Florange* entring therein, with a Pistol in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he sought for *Mainville*, as the first Victim he ought to offer up to his Resentment. He was much amaz'd to see only *Grand-Champ*, leaning against a Table, and the Marchioness on the other side, not having the power to support her self. *Where am I*, cry'd he at this sight, *and what's become of* Mainville? *Speak* Grand-Champ: *did you not tell me he was here, and coming up after me, how came you to be in this Chamber?* *Grand Champ* being prepar'd for all that *Florange* could say to him, and resolv'd to save the Marchioness Life at the expence of his own, look'd upon him fixedly, and addressing his Speech to him: *Kill me, my Lord*, said he to him, *since*

I have deserved Death: I am the greatest Cheat of all men, in having falsely accus'd my Lady. I have made you conceive a false Opinion of her Vertue, by forging to you a Letter from Mainville, *to induce you to use her ill: And what is still beyond all this, is, that Love is the occasion of all these Crimes. There is not any other man, save I,* continued he, *that had any intentions to seduce her: And if I had brought them about, I should not have been so enrag'd, to undertake to make you shed a Blood that ought to be so dear to you. I now perceive my fault; and to punish me for it, you need only to pierce my Bosome.* At the same time he presented himself before him, offering himself to a voluntary Death: But *Flonange*, not being able to reconcile these Words with what had been told him at the bottom of the Stair-case; *Do you kill me,* said he to him, *or free me out of pain, by acquainting me, how*

you

you came hither before me, and what is became of him that spoke to me before that I came up. No body can have spoke to you, reply'd *Grand-Champ* faintly; *and through a prepossession of your Passion, you imagin'd you heard what no body can have said to you. The sincere confession I have made t' ye of my fault, ought to convince you of it: for I would not expose my self to your Resentment for an other. It is I alone that am culpable; and Madam* de Florange, *and the Marquis* de Mainville *are innocent.*

The Marchioness at first could not imagine the meaning of all this; but beginning to apprehend something, she broke silence, to complain of her Husband's Suspicions, as if he had really been mightily in the wrong, to doubt of her Vertue. So as that poor *Florange* being in Despondency at so extraordinary an Adventure, withdrew into his own Apartment, without ha-

having the power to take any Resolution. After this *Grand-Champ* made the Marchioness a sincere Confession of his fault; and as he was penetrated with regret, he would in her presence have run himself through with his Sword; telling her, that he could no longer live, after having so mortally offended her. But the Marchioness leaping upon him, hinder'd him from executing his fatal Resolution, and promis'd him never to call his Crime to mind. *I shall have it in mind, Madam,* answered he, *all my life long; but now it shall not be so long, for as I may weary my self much in the World.* At these words he went out of her Chamber after a desperate sort of manner, and without considering that it was Night, he took the first way he found, and did not stop till it was day. The Marquis *de Mainville* had taken exactly the same Road, and Fortune would have it, that they

they should both alight in the same Inn. *Mainville* had newly dispatch'd away a man to *Florange's* Castle, to know what had occur'd there after his departure; but seeing that *Grand Champ* could inform him the best of any body, he desir'd him, that he would free him out of pain, and tell him all he did not know. *Grand Champ*, to satisfy his Curiosity, gave him a long account of the Marchioness's slight, and of the revenge he design'd upon her: and continuing the rest of his Story, he acquainted him how when upon the point of sacrificing them both, his Love for the Marchioness had sav'd them. *Aland* then cry'd *Mainville*, *I should never have suspected you of Treachery. On the contrary, I had so much confidence in you, that I have just now sent a Letter to you for the Marchioness. Unhappy that I am; I have perhaps destroy'd your labour: You had set her Husband's mind to rights:*

by

by your Address; or at least, you had left him in an uncertainty of his misfortune; and my imprudence has spoyl'd All.

Grand Champ had told his Story after so unconcern'd a manner, that he seem'd now a Party indifferent; but hearing to what danger *Mainville* had expos'd the Marchioness, he seem'd to recover new Sentiments. *You are really very unhappy*, said he to him, *in causing so much trouble to a Lady, who would ever have been innocent, had she never known you. I ought nevertheless to be glad, that she has occasion to complain of you, that so she may forget you: But as in this occasion her All is at stake, I shall here wait for the return of your man, that so if he has put your Letter into any other hands than hers, I may still render her a piece of Service.* He had no sooner spoke these words, but in came that man, being a Peasant that *Mainville* had been forc'd to em-

employ, as having none of his own Servants with him, to whom he could give this Commission. They ask'd him both at the same time, what was become of the Letter; and the Bumpkin answer'd them, that he had giv'n it to *Grand-Champ*. *What sort of man is he*, cry'd *Mainville* immediately, all in Despair at his mistake? *He is tall*, reply'd the Peasant, *well made, and very neat*. He then gave an account of the Person to whom he had deliver'd his Letter; and *Mainville* and *Grand-Champ*, knew plainly by his Pourtraict of him, that it was fall'n into *Florange*'s Hands. Thereupon *Grand-Champ* entreated *Mainville* to lend him his Horse; for he was come a-foot; telling him, that he was going to pay the Marchioness the last Service he should pay her as long as he liv'd. *Mainville* gave him his Horse; and *Grand-Champ* using dispatch, repair'd to the House of a Peasant of

Flo-

Florange's Village, and there wrote a Letter. He then encharg'd the Peasant with it, with order to put it into the Marchioness's own Hands, as a thing of the highest Consequence. This Peasant did dexterously acquit himself of his Commission; so as that the Marchioness was advertiz'd of the fault *Mainville* had committed, and to make timely Provision for her self.

She receiv'd this Advice just in the nick: for her Husband designing to convict her of her Intrigue from her own writing, had newly caus'd *Mainville*'s Letter to be deliver'd to her under hand, not doubting but that she would make an Answer to it. And indeed she had already Ink and Paper to do it, when that *Grand-Champ*'s Letter made her change her stile. Instead of writing to *Mainville*, as she was going to do, she writ to her Husband; and leaving the Letter

upon

upon her Table, she went to find out *Grand Champ*, whom she entreated to accompany her to one of her Relations, whither she had a Design to withdraw. *Grand Champ* did not stick to grant her the Crupper of his Horse, and convoy'd her till such time as that he had put her into a place of safety.

In the mean while *Florange* was as impatient to hear of his Wife's Commerce, as if it had been some good news he was to receive. Thus seeing that she delay'd her Answer too long, he sent her the Fellow he had caus'd to deliver *Manville's* Letter to her, to inform her, that she was to make more haste. This man found her Chamber-door open; and having seen upon the Table the Letter she had left there, he carry'd it to *Florange*, as thinking it to be the same he expected. *Florange* open'd it hastily. But what a wonderful amazement, when instead of what he expected to find

there

therein, he met with a thousand Reproaches. She accus'd him among other things, of having himself contriv'd the Letter she had receiv'd from *Mainville*; and he could not convict her of the contrary, because he knew not this Marquis his Hand. She also acquainted him whither she was gone, adding, that she would no longer live with a man that us'd her rather like a Tyrant than a Husband.

Though *Florange* knew himself innocent, and that far from being disabus'd of his Wife's Intrigue, he every day thought her more criminal, yet could he not hear of her Departure without grief. He suspected that she was gone to tax his Carriage, and that having no Proofs to convict her, her Complaints would prevail in the Minds of her Relations o're those he might make of her ill Conduct.

Thus

Thus seeing that he had taken his measures ill, he did not waver to go seek her out, and took Coach in that Design with his Wife's Woman, whom he little suspected of being privy to her Concerns: For she was a Gossip, that under the Cloak of Devotion knew admirably well how to play her Part. He question'd her however on the Road, whether she knew any thing of the matters in agitation; But she affected a false Hypocrisy, meaning to perswade him of the Marchioness's Honesty: and that besides, she was not a Girl to be concern'd in an Intrigue. When they were Two Leagues from the place they came, a Horse of his lost his shooes, and they were forc'd to halt, to have him shood again. *Florange* was also a little sickish, which oblig'd him to go into an Inn to drink a little Wine. While this pass'd, the Waiting-Gentlewoman, who had alighted

out

out of the Coach, saw a Company of People flocking together at the end of the Village; and being naturally curious, as all Women commonly are, she went on that waywards, to inquire into the matter. When she was come thither, she was told a thing somewhat extraordinary; namely, that a man after having alighted at an Inn, had sent back his Horse four Leagues thence, to a person of whom he had borrow'd it; that afterwards he had put himself to Bed, pretending he was sick, and had sent for a Chyrurgeon, who had let him Blood; but that this Chyrurgeon was no sooner gone, but that he had himself unty'd his Arm; and that in short, he had shed so great a quantity of Blood, that there were no more hopes of his Life.

The Novelty of the thing redoubled this Womans Curiosity; and so much the more, as know-

ing

ing that *Grand-Champ* had conducted her Lady upon the Crupper of *Mainville*'s Horſe, ſhe had great Suſpicions it might be him all this Diſcourſe was of. Thus ſhe reſolv'd herſelf to ſee whether ſhe was not miſtaken, that ſo ſhe might afterwards give the Marchioneſs a faithful account. As ſoon as ſhe had caſt her eyes upon that Wretch, ſhe really knew him to be the wretched *Grand Champ*, who was in a very bad Condition. He on his ſide was not wanting to know her again immediately; and deſiring the People to withdraw, as being to diſcourſe her in private. *I die*, he ſaid to her, *the moſt contented of all men, ſince that Fortune, which hitherto had been againſt me, now favours me with your Company, when that I leaſt expected it, to be the Witneſs of my laſt Words. You may tell Madam* de Florange, *that I have my ſelf advanc'd my Death, as after her ſlights not being*

able

able to survive. Perhaps that one day she will regret so faithful a Lover. Be it as it will, I only wish her happiness. At these Words a Convulsion Fit seiz'd him; and the Damsel being willing that he should die in other Hands than hers, call'd for the People again into his Room; and while they were busy in contemplating this Unfortunate Lover, she made away through the Crowd, without notice being taken of what was become of her.

Florange's fainting Fit had kept all his Servants about him, and hinder'd them from knowing what pass'd, which their Ladies Woman was not sorry for, because that it was to be feared, that if *Grand-Champ*'s Adventure had come to his Master's knowledg, he would have gone and discours'd him, and that *Grand-Champ* would have told him all, for the discharge of his Conscience. In fine, after that

Florange had re-collected his Spirits, he took Coach again with her, and they came to the Place of the Marchioneſſes Retreat. *Florange* made great Complaints to their Kinſman, that his Wife went ſo away without ſaying a word to him: But the Kinſman being prepoſſeſs'd with what the Marchioneſs had told him in her Vindication, anſwer'd him, that being of ſuch an Humour, he ought not to marry, ſince there was nothing that madded a Vertuous Woman more, than when her Husband doubted her Vertue. *For my part* added he, *I ſhall never adviſe her to return with you, at leaſt, unleſs you expreſs a mighty regret for what is paſs'd.* *Florange* ſeeing himſelf baffled in this manner, would have ſpoke of two Letters he had received; but his Kinſman reply'd upon him, that if that was all he had to alledg againſt her, he might be gone as he came, and that all his

own

own Relations would eſpouſe the Defence of his Wife. Thus was *Florange* forc'd to ask his Wife's Pardon, though in his Soul he knew that the fault lay not at his door.

Madam *de Florange* having need of the Protection of this Relation in many things, and particularly in this occaſion, wherein it was requiſite to juſtify her Conduct, of which it was impoſſible to hinder Diſcourſe in the World, after what had newly happen'd, did after this eaſily comply with the Counſel he gave her, of coming to a Reconciliation with her Husband. They ſtaid the reſt of the Day at his Houſe, and all the next; and *Florange* being gone out for a moment, the Waiting-Gentlewoman took the time of his abſence to entertain her Lady with the ſad Adventure of the Unfortunate *Grand-Champ*. The Marchioneſs could not retain her Tears at ſo piteous a Relation, and

joyning some Regrets to the Tears she had shed, she told her Woman that he merited a better Fortune. This Discourse surpriz'd that Maid, as knowing how much she had despis'd him as long as he liv'd, insomuch that she could not hide her amazement from her. But the Marchioness interrupting her, accus'd her of having an ill Opinion of her, since that after all the Instances of Love that *Grand Champ* had given her, she could not, at least, without being the most ungrateful person in the World, hear that any ill was befallen him without being griev'd. *This is a tardy gratitude, Madam*, the Damsel then cry'd, *and you would have oblig'd him much more, if you had shewn it while he was well. I have ever had a sence for him*, reply'd the Marchioness, *but could not then shew it without hampering my self in troubles.* Mainville *would have been jealous, and perhaps that thinking me*

in

in love with Grand-Champ, *he would have ſought out a Conſolation for my inconſtancy, in the choice of an other Miſtreſs. That is to ſay, Madam,* the Damſel anſwer'd, *that you lov'd poor* Grand-Champ, *but did not love him ſo well as* Mainville. *How diſſembling are Women! I thought you as nice as any perſon living in your Love: Nevertheleſs by what I perceive, you prefer Number before Delicacy.* It is very ſeldom known that a Woman dare talk in ſuch a manner to her Lady; but ſee what a Confident may do: and I fancy, that if this Maid had been leſs inform'd of her Concerns, ſhe would have been more cautious in her words. Be it as it will, Madam *de Florange* imagining ſhe might ſuffer, ſhould ſhe leave her in theſe Sentiments, *You miſtake me in what I have ſaid,* anſwer'd ſhe, *and you groſly confound Love and Acknowledgment. There is nevertheleſs a great deal of difference between the*

One and the Other. The Motions of Love are tender and passionate Motions, excited by Sympathy: whereas those of Gratitude are only ordinary Movements, that are wont to arise from some Benefit that one has receiv'd. But, Madam, reply'd the Damsel, *if those Motions which Gratitude excites, are so common as you say, they ought not, methinks, to occasion the shedding of so many tears; and yet this is what you do. Tell me, I beseech you, how this comes to pass: for I fancy'd, that People afflicted themselves in such manner only when they were lively affected. This you are mistaken in,* reply'd the Marchioness, *as you were but a moment agoe, when you confounded Gratitude and Love. A great grief never appears so much outwardly as does a mean one: and one would have a bad Opinion of the sensibility of a Person, that should shed tears at the newness of a great misfortune. One must remain seiz'd till that time di-*

minishing

miniſhing the ſtrength of the grief, leaves to man his wonted Functions. Then it is that the Eyes diſtill themſelves into Water, as a mark of his Affliction. If I do not make my ſelf well underſtood, added the Marchioneſs, *I am going to give thee a very familiar Compariſon. Thou knowſt that Cold, when it is extream, cloſes all things, and principally Rivers, whoſe courſe remains conceal'd by reaſon of the Ice that appears upon the Surface of the Waters. It is even the ſame thing with a great Grief in the Heart of Man. His Tears are ſtopt; and as the Current of Rivers only appears when the Cold is diminiſh'd, ſo his Eyes only ſhed Tears when the Affliction is no longer ſo ſtrong.*

Theſe are the Reaſons the Marchioneſs gave her Woman, to make her apprehend, that ſhe might bewail *Grand-Champ*'s misfortunes, without loving him. Nevertheleſs, ſhe bid her enquire after him, when

that they pass'd by where she had left him. That she needed only to feign some need to alight out of the Coach, and that she might take that time to do what she bid her. The Morning being come, they all set forwards on their Journey, and the Damsel having perform'd her Commission, she was told, that *Grand Champ* was dead but a moment before. She acquainted her Lady with it when they were arriv'd; and these Tidings renew'd her grief.

During these Occurrences, the Marchioness had an Affliction which much more affected her than *Grand Champ*'s Death: *Mainville* remain'd Two Months without writing to her; and she did not doubt after such great marks of his forgetfulness, but that he had got some new Mistress. She daily complain'd to her Woman of her misfortune, and of Mens Inconstancy. *They are all ungrateful*, said she to her, *and the*

Ladies

Ladies are fools for loving them. Their flames last only just so long as they find satisfaction therein; and as fondness only encreases by desires, as soon as these desires are fulfill'd, these fondnesses quickly become little or nothing. They never see you afterwards, but out of a luke-warmness: nay, nor would they see you at all, were they not afraid of being tax'd with ill-breeding. I leave thee to judge what a Lady can say after this; and if being wonted, as she is, to the Movements of a tender and a passionate Love, she rests satisfy'd with these Civility-Visits. Mainville, *the ungrateful* Mainville, continu'd she, *is not exempt from these weaknesses; and thou seest after all that I have done for him, what his ingratitude is.*

Though *Mainville* paid the Damsel well for being in his Interests, she most commonly durst not take his part, finding her self, that he was mightily to blame in that he did

not write to her. However, being unwilling utterly to abandon him, she endeavour'd to give her Lady still some hopes, telling her one while, that his Letters might miscarry, another, that he was sick, and that otherwise she would have heard of him. But the Marchioness did not suffer her self to be so easily impos'd on: She knew that a Man of *Mainville*'s Quality sent a Messenger on purpose, when Two Posts had fail'd him; and that let a Man be never so sick, he never forgets his Mistress.

About that time Fame, which carries throughout the whole Earth the Actions of Great Men, blaz'd about, that *Mainville* had signaliz'd himself above all others in a Battel. At these Newes the Marchioness, who was as sensible to Honour as any Woman in the World, found her tenderness to revive. The Resentment she had of her Lover's forgetfulness, had made her

her discontinue writing to him: She then took Pen and Ink, to express to him the satisfaction she had in his Heroick Performances. Nevertheless she mingled soft and tender Reproaches with the Praises she bestow'd upon his fine Actions; insomuch, that one might say, that her Letter was both a Letter of Love and of Civility. *Mainville* was exactly of the Humour of those People. The Marchioness had described to her Woman, too easy Conquests became flat to him, and he had been for some time disgusted because she had done too much for him. But Two Months Absence making him look upon her then as a New Mistress, he renew'd writing to her in very passionate Terms, seeking sorry Excuses to colour the little Consideration he had shewn for her. The Weakness of People in Love, is so extraordinary, that the Marchioness was satisfy'd with his Reasons, as if they had been good.

good. Thus their Intrigue was renew'd as before, and all as much charm'd with one another as they had ever been; they let not a Post slip without interchanging of Letters.

This Commerce lasted during the rest of the Campaign; and being ready to end, *Florange* being at *Paris* upon a Law-Suit, and suspecting that *Mainville*, who, to his Wife, repair'd to his own House, to hinder him from seeing her at his return from the Army. His Precaution was somewhat necessary, because that *Mainville* was really resolv'd to see her on his way. Yet was it in vain: for though *Mainville* knew him to be at home, as he would have been sorry to have come so near to no purpose, he disguis'd himself, as a Miller's Boy, to see his Wife. This being done, he mounted upon a Mule, with several Sacks under him; and in this Equipage came to the Court of the

Castle

Castle one day that he knew him out a hunting.

He was inform'd, that it was the Marchioneſſes Woman that caus'd the Corn to be meaſur'd before her, and who receiv'd the Meal; ſo as that he fancy'd it would be no hard matter to make himſelf known. But this Nymph little dreaming, that the Marquis de *Mainville* was become a Miller's Boy, began, without looking him much in the Face, to rattle him, for that his Maſter had not the time before reſtor'd all the Meal he ought to deliver: That is to ſay, in plain *Engliſh*, that ſhe accus'd him of being a little Thieviſh. *Mainville* laugh'd heartily in himſelf at her miſtake; but referring till another time to tally her for it, he got up to her to preſs her Hand, thinking, that after that ſhe would no longer take him for a Miller. But the Damſel, far from gueſſing what that meant, call'd him inſolent Raſcal; which made all the People flock about

bout him, beginning to threaten him. Then the Damsel viewing him more earnestly, and perceiving the fault she had committed, she was at a very great loss how to repair it: for now was it a little too late, all People flocking to see the Miller. The Marchioness accidentally return'd from walking, and having enquir'd why all her People run that way wards, she was told the occasion, and going that way her self, her surprise was extream, when she knew *Mainville*. Nevertheless, without making any thing known of her amazement, she said, that he ought to be shut up, and that when her Husband was return'd from hunting, he should order what he deem'd fitting for his Punishment. Her pretence of Mind was admirable in this occasion; for she freed him by these means out of her Servants Hands, some of whom might otherwise have known him.

Thus

Thus was he led into a Tower appointed for Criminals; but he was no sooner there, than that the Damsel came to fetch him thence, to convey him to her Ladies Feet. He there forgot the Fright he had been in, when he saw himself surrounded with all *Florange*'s Domesticks. These Two Lovers upbraided one another tenderly, for having been so long without writing to each other; and Love largely rewarded them for the pains it had made them suffer. However, after several softnesses it became *Mainville* to think of being gone; for *Florange* was every moment expected, and it was necessary to shun his Presence. The Marchioness was the first to mind him of it, and he was so charm'd with her Presence, that it was quite out of his thoughts. But considering his Dress, his getting off was difficult: for a Servant might see him go out, and he would not have fail'd of stopping him, thinking he

did a fine Job. The Marchioneſſes Woman ſeeing their perplexity, offer'd to give him a Suit of her Cloaths, ſaying, that ſince ſhe had done all the miſchief, it was but Juſtice that ſhe ſhould bring a Remedy. *Mainville* willingly receiv'd her Offers; and knowing that he ſhould find his Mule at the Park-Gate, he took leave of his Miſtreſs, after having aſſur'd her of a Love-Proof againſt all things.

He took his way along a Wood, that reaches from the Park of *Florange's* Caſtle, to a ſmall Village, but half a League thence. So far went he without any ill Encounter. But when he was beyond it, he met with *Florange*, who was unhappily returning from hunting. The other Hunters had taken through an other way, and *Florange* was all alone, either in meditating on the Pleaſure he had that day taken in hunting, or perchance in thinking on ſomething elſe that was not ſo agreeable.

No

No sooner did *Mainville* perceive him, but that he sought to get out of his way; but *Florange* having by chance cast his Eyes on that side, fancy'd him, by his Garb, to be his Wife's Woman, and in that Opinion he ran full speed to him. As soon as he had overtaken him, he ask'd him, whither she was a going: for *Mainville* being mask'd, he still took it to be the same Person. *Mainville* made him answer, that he was mistaken, and that not knowing him, she did not think her self oblig'd to give him an account of her actions. *If you do not know me*, then *Florange* reply'd, *you are certainly a Thief, since that thin Rigging belongs to my Wife's Woman. I took you at first for her, but I now perceive that I am mistaken.* *I am neither the one nor the other*, Mainville reply'd, *and you are mistaken in the Cloaths as well as in the Person. Be advis'd by me, pursue your way, without insulting me any longer; otherwise you may pay for your*

intruſion. I am content, reply'd *Florange*; *but firſt unmask your ſelf, that I may judge by your face, whether I am miſtaken or not.* *Mainville* was far from doing it; inſomuch, that *Florange*, who never was civil in his Life, ſeeing that he excus'd it, ſet himſelf to ſnatch off his Mask.

Mainville went not to his Amorous Expedition without good Piſtols, that in caſe of Accident, he might be in a poſture of defending his Life. Thus ſeeing himſelf preſs'd, he drew out one of them from under his Petticoats, which ſtopp'd *Florange*'s Rage: for naturally he had a great reſpect for all ſorts of Fire Arms, running, at leaſt, as faſt in his Retreat, as he had done when he came to accoſt *Mainville*. When he was in the Village I lately mention'd, he began then to breathe, and ſounding an Horn, he call'd all his Hunters, that could not be far diſtant. They forthwith rang'd themſelves about him, and *Florange* having

ving related his Adventure to them, exhorted them to run after the Unknown, saying, that he muſt needs be a High-way-man.

Mainville hearing the Call, did very much ſuſpect that he was going to be purſu'd; thus being very willing to eſcape further trouble, if he could, he ſpurr'd on. But his Mule not going ſo faſt as Horſes, the Huntſmen overtook him before he could get to a Wood he thought to have betaken himſelf to. They call'd out immediately to him, to yeild himſelf up; but chuſing rather to dye, than expoſe himſelf to the Diſcretion of his Enemy, he took his Two Piſtols in his Hands, and cry'd out to the firſt that advanc'd, that it ſhould coſt him his Life, if he pretended to do any Violence to him.

In this nick of time there happen'd Officers to come by, that were returning from the Army; and they ſeeing ſo many Men attacque a ſimple

ple Woman, they ſided with her, aſſuring her, that no hurt ſhould be don her, unleſs they were all firſt kill'd. After they had thus offer'd their Services to *Mainville*, they ask'd *Florange*, and all his Company, what that Lady had done to them, that they us'd her with ſo little Civility; And as *Florange* had only ſpoke to them of his Suſpicions, they carry'd away *Mainville* in ſpight of *Florange*, and promis'd to guard him whither he pleas'd. When he was gone a League from thence, *Gentlemen*, ſaid he to them, *you have taken a great deal of pains, and I hope one day to return the Civility: for though you know not who I am, yet do I know you. In the mean while, if you are minded that the Obligation I have to you, ſhould be compleat, you will ſuffer me now to go, without having the Curioſity of knowing who the Perſon is whoſe Defence you have undertaken.* At theſe words they all made him anſwer, out of a per-

perſwaſion that he was a Woman, that they would not forſake her till they had brought her to her own Home; and *Mainville* ſeeing their Obſtinacy, unmask'd himſelf, ſurprizing them very much in making himſelf known.

The Command he had in the Army, afforded him a great Authority. Beſides, he was of ſo conſiderable a Family, that many people were bound to have a reſpect for him. Thus theſe Officers ask'd his Pardon for having oblig'd him to make himſelf known againſt his will, as ſuſpecting that he had put himſelf into a Diſguiſe upon ſome occaſion that he was not willing ſhould be known publickly. *Mainville* being a well-bred Gentleman, told them, that after the Service they had done him, it was eaſie for him to excuſe their Curioſity. However that he beggid of them, not to make the leaſt mention of his Adventure, becauſe that there were

people

people who delighted in making the worſt of all things. He embrac'd them all after this; and thus having got himſelf off from this bad Buſineſs, he went to find out his Servants, who were not far diſtant.

Florange, who was in Deſpondency, for that theſe Officers had made him miſs of his aim, making reflection of what had newly befallen him, fancy'd there muſt be ſome Myſtery underneath All, and return'd to his own Houſe with his Soul full of Suſpicion. At his arrival he ask'd his Wife's Woman, whom ſhe had lent her Cloaths to; and this Queſtion having puzzled her, ſhe bluſh'd, inſomuch that *Florange* having obſerv'd ſome Change in her Countenance, he preſs'd her ſtill more to tell him what ſhe had done with them. She then ſtutter'd, ſaying one while, ſhe had lent no body any Cloaths, another, that ſhe had quite forgot to whom it was. *Florange* judging by

by her Confusion, that something had pass'd which it was not thought fitting he should know of, went directly to his Wife's Chamber; to whom he put an Hundred Questions, that so he might get from her some light into this matter. The Marchioness had newly been told what was befallen *Mainville* and her Husband, and how the former had got out of the other's Hands. Thus having nothing to fear on that side, she made him answer, that he made a great deal of noise for a Garment, or so; and that she did not enquire so much as he, with what her Woman did with her things. During these Transactions, the Miller of the House arriv'd, and finding all the Doors open, he mounted into the very Chamber where *Florange* was. *My Lord*, said he to him, without first enquiring, whether he was in an Humour to hear him, *I come to assure you, that it was none of my Lads that was sawcy to my Ladies Wo-*

Woman: they are all at the Mill; and I neither challenge him nor his Mule, which you may make what Example you please of. It is some Rogue or other, that says he belongs to me, that so he may do me an injury; but good my Lord, let me beseech your Worship, to protect me in this occasion, since you have the Knave in your hands, and that you can by the force of torments, draw the Confession of his Crimes from him.

What this man said, was *Hebrew* to *Florange*, who knew not what pass'd; but being told the Adventure of the Miller's Man, he gave order for the fetching him out of Prison, and that he should be brought to him that very moment. Those that were officious to obey him, ran immediately to the Tower where he had been shut up; but they found the Door of it open, and the Bird flown. Thus they returned much amaz'd, to tell *Florange*, that some body had let the Pri-

Prisoner escape, and that they knew not who it was. At these words his Suspicions re-doubled, so much the more as that he then remembred that the Damsel he perceiv'd had a Mule, and that there was great probability of her being the Miller's Man.

He sent the Miller away very much satisfy'd, by telling him, that he meant him no harm; but seeking to dive into this mystery, he ask'd his Wife, what was become of the Prisoner, and by whose order he had been put out of Prison. *He must needs*, the Marchioness reply'd, *have found the Secret of making his Escape himself, and I know no body here that would have been so bold as to have done it without your Orders. The People that have been concern'd in't, Madam,* Florange reparty'd, *are more submissive to your Ladyships order than to mine; and however you defend your self, yet do I smell out your Contrivance.*

This Converſation was upon the point of being keen on both ſides, when the ſame Relation that had reconcil'd them, came in. *You come very ſeaſonably*, ſaid *Florange* to him, *to do me Juſtice. You accus'd me of being whymſical and jealous; but I do not think you would harbour that Opinion, after what I have to tell you.* He thereupon acquainted him with what had newly happen'd, and did firmly believe, that he was going to take his part, when the other call'd him Viſionary more than ever. *You rave Couſin*, ſaid he to him, *and I am very ſorry I muſt tell you, that you ſerve for a Laughing-ſtock to all our Countrey. I ſhould make a Mock of you as well as the reſt, were I not your Kinſman; but I muſt at length come to that, as no longer finding any means of excuſing you in the World. I am not ſo mad, Couſin*, reply'd *Florange* to him, *as you would fain make me believe: and if the like thing befel you, you would*

oblige

oblige me, in acquainting me what you your ſelf would ſay of it. I *ſhould ſay,* his Kinſman reparty'd, *that a real, or a falſe Miller was come to my houſe, and that ſeeing himſelf confin'd, he had forc'd his Priſon. As to the Habit, which you make the principal Cauſe of your Diſquiets, I would ſtill ſay, that my Wife's Woman had lent it to ſome friend; that I had met with this friend on the way; that ſhe would not make her ſelf known, and without tormenting my head, to dive into the reaſon, I would let all people be at quiet at home, which would let me be ſo. That is to ſay,* reply'd *Florange, that you would be a very convenient contented Husband. So convenient,* the Couſin anſwer'd, *that I would never think ill of my Wife, unleſs I ſaw it with my own Eyes. Beſides, to what purpoſe,* continued he, *d' ye ſo much ſhrift into a thing which can only afford us matter of trouble? And ſhould I not rather chuſe to live as all well-bred*

People do, than live as you do. These Words vex'd *Florange*, insomuch, that he was going to say some disobliging things to his Relation, when that this latter, to avoid his ill Humour, went his ways, without taking leave of him.

Some days after a Letter came from *Paris* to *Florange*, by which he had notice, that his Law-Suit was ready to come to a Trial, and that his Presence there was requisite. I intimated a while agoe, that he had laid aside the Care of this Law-Suit, to hinder *Mainville* from seeing his Wife. His Jealousie having then rather augmented than diminish'd, he resolv'd to take her along with him, that he might be the better secured of her Conduct. After that he was got to Town, a person that pretended to be a Friend of his, but meant to banter him, as knowing his Weakness, told him, that if he was so much concern'd to know whether his Wife was honest, he

he would furniſh him with a good contrivance. That he knew a famous Female Fortune-teller, to whom nothing was unknown, and that if he would conſult her, ſhe would acquaint him with ſuch things as would ſurprize him. *Florange* did not want Wit, ſo as that knowing out of what motive this man diſcours'd him in this manner, he thank'd him coldly for his offers; adding, that it did not belong to all People to concern themſelves in the Affairs of a Husband and Wife. Nevertheleſs *Florange* conſider'd in himſelf of what he had ſaid to him, and being ſilly enough as to imagine, that a Fortune-teller could convict his Wife of the Intrigue ſhe had with *Mainville*, he enquir'd, under hand, where thoſe ſort of People dwelt, and was not long without being inform'd of the Lodgings of a Woman that pretended that way. None but Fools went to her Houſe, or Perſons ex-

treamly credulous. Yet not one came thence without being undeceiv'd : for it was by Chance, if ſhe ſpoke one Truth among a thouſand Lyes. *Florange* repaired thither one Morning without any Retinue, and deſired this Woman to conceal nothing from him, of whatever conſequence the things were that ſhe ſhould find out, either by his Hand or Phyſiogmony. The Fortune-teller, by his words, gueſſing at his Ingenuity, began with making him pay before-hand; then diſcours'd him with what ſhe was wont to ſay to all thoſe that were ſo ſilly as to come and conſult her. *Florange* knowing then how much he was in the wrong, to hope for any thing in her, told her, that it was Pains and Money thrown away, as to come and ſee her; and as ſhe endeavour'd to ſave her ſelf by a World of ſilly Stories, with which ſhe lur'd the moſt credulous, there came a Man into the Room, habited after a capricious

ous manner, and that would have Bug-bear'd little Children. His Habit was Black, all done with ſtreams of Fire; inſomuch that one would have ſaid, that he had been a Devil that was return'd from Hell, or at leaſt, a Man that had borrow'd the form of one. He had a Mask that repreſented a Face to the Life; but ſo diſmal, that a body trembled to look upon it. This Mask was not made of Paſt-board, as all others are, and you would have taken it for real Fleſh. The reſt of his Habillement ſuited exactly with the Mask. He had Buskins on, and inſtead of a Lyon's Skin, a *Groteſque*, repreſenting the Furies, and to his very Shooes one would have ſaid, that they had been the Scales of a Serpent, ſo well had Art imitated Nature. This Counterfeit-Monſter held a Wand in his Hand, with which he ſtruck thrice upon *Florange*'s Head. This poor Marquis needed not this Over-plus of terror, having

been ſufficiently frighted at the ſight of the Monſter. He was more dead than alive; inſomuch that he would willingly have given the half of his Eſtate to have been from thence. But his Fright was quite an other thing, when the falſe Devil ſpoke to him in this manner; *Since that thou believ'ſt that the Fortune-teller is not capable of telling thee thy Life, I am come my ſelf to inform thee of all thou woula'ſt know: Thy Wife is more diſcreet than thou deſerveſt; and though there be ſome Appearances againſt her, theſe Appearances are leſs ſtrong than truth.* Mainville *is neither in love with her, nor ſhe with him, and thou muſt only accuſe thy own Jealouſie, if any one has been ſo ſpightful as to take a delight in allarming thee. The Letters thou haſt receiv'd are forged Letters, and if thou continueſt to be jealous, a great many more will be paulm'd upon thee. Such as thou ſeeſt me, my Buſineſs is to make the living mad,*

mad, and I ſhall neither ſpare my Contrivances nor my Pains, to diſturb thy Quiet, unleſs thou avail'ſt thy ſelf of my advice.

It is hard to ſay which of the two, *Florange*, or the Fortune-teller, remain'd the moſt amaz'd at theſe words: for ſhe could not apprehend who it was that plaid this part. True indeed, that ſhe was not unacquainted with the falſe Devils Habillement, having her ſelf caus'd it to be made, to fright ſuch as were fearful. But ſhe knew not who could take it ſo in the nick, as to ſay ſuch particular things to *Florange*. However to render the Adventure ſtill the more extraordinary, *Mainville*, and the Marchioneſs, being egg'd on by the like Curioſity, came to the ſame place, and finding the Houſe-door open, they mounted into the very Fortune tellers Chamber, without meeting with any body to ask them their Buſineſs. The falſe Devil had not ſhut the Door, ſo as that *Main-*

ville and the Marchioness entred therein, not in the least expecting the People they there met withal. *Florange*'s Fright was extream at the sight of them, imagining, that the Devil had made them come without their consent. But that of *Mainville* and the Marchioness was no less, seeing *Florange*; for then they thought themselves lost without Remedy. He that acted the Magician, or the Devil, as you shall please to call him, seem'd quite unhing'd and nonplus'd, remaining for some time without speaking a word. But all on the sudden recovering his speech: *Admire my Power*, said he to *Florange*: *Here are the two Persons that occasion thy Disquiet, whom I have caus'd to come hither on purpose to tell thee what familiarity passes between them two: Thou wilt learn their innocency from their own Mouths, if thou dost not put confidence enough in what I have told thee.* *Florange* fell into a Swoon at these words; and

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the false Devil seeing him in that Condition, repuls'd *Marinette* and the Marchioness with his Wand, telling them they had nothing more to do there. They did not stay to be told it twice; and the Marchioness having with much a-do got again to her Coach, in the steps, with a Horror more easie to imagine than describe.

Florange continu'd still some time in his Swoon, while that the false Devil took the Fortune teller into an other Room, to tell her, that having had the folly, as well as others, to come and see her, he had found that Chamber-door open, wherein he entred. That meeting with nobody there, and hearing loud talking in the next Room, he had listen'd, and perceiv'd *Florange*'s Voice. And having perceiv'd at the same time upon the Bed, that Habit he had upon his Body, he had put it on, to tell him his Fortune, as being inform'd to every little circumstance.

cumstance of his Life. That she had seen the success of it, and that it was her part now to maintain the Fame such an Adventure was going to gain her in the World.

The Fortune-teller was very glad that Chance had so well seconded her Cheats: and all haughty upon this Event, she gave *Florange* a Check when he came to his Senses again, for that he would not give Credit to the Wonders of her Art. *Florange* would doubtless have ask'd her Pardon, if he had had the power but to speak but one bare word; but he was still so much afraid, that all that he could do, was to get to a Hackney-Coach that waited for him at the Door. When he was got in he began to breathe, as thinking that the Devil had not so much power over him there. He then promis'd never to see, as long as he liv'd, any Fortune-teller: and being got home, he us'd his Wife quite otherwise than he had done of a long while, as apprehending,

prehending, that if he ſhould uſe her ill, the Devil would riſe up in her defence, as he had threatned to do.

After this, *Florange* ſtaid ſtill ſome time at *Paris*, and having met with *Mainville* in a Company, he ſpoke to him as if he had never born him any grudg. Nay, he ask'd him what was the Cauſe they did not ſee one another now; inſomuch, that *Mainville* would have been in a ſtrange *Maze*, had he been ignorant of the Fortune-teller's Adventure. But knowing what paſs'd at her Houſe, and how much *Florange* was of a fearful Humour, he knew to what to attribute his Change.

In the mean while *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs were not able to comprehend whom they had the Obligation to of what was fallen out; for no body had ever known any thing of their Concerns, ſave *Grand Champ* and the Damſel I have men-

mention'd: and they knew very well, that neither of them two had revealed their Secret. For the Marchioness had left her Woman at home; and as for *Grand-Champ*, they could not suspect him, as knowing him long since dead. But whoever it was, they were endebted to, they look'd upon it as a great piece of Service: for they began again to see one another, and that too without *Florange's* finding fault. *Mairville* was not however wanting to have some Pre-caution, when he was with the Marchioness, as knowing there is nothing so easie to kindle anew as the Suspicions of a jealous Person.

Thus they liv'd in some sort of repose for a time: But as Prudence is very rare in strong Passions, these Lovers forgot that *Florange* was naturally prone to Jealousie, and that the least thing was capable of giving him Umbrage. They were ever by one another, not being able to remain

main a moment without enterchanging of Words: and when Chance ſeparated them, one might in their Faces read a certain Grief, as made thoſe judge that had the leaſt Concern in it, that they were not in ill Terms with one another. *Florange* began alſo to doubt that the falſe Devil had told him a Lye, when he aſſured him, that his Wife was honeſt. *The Devils*, ſaid he in himſelf, *are Lyars, and a Man muſt be as ſimple as I, to put truſt to their Words. Beſides there is ſomething in this matter that I do not apprehend: for their buſineſs being to moleſt Mankind, how comes this, if he be a real Devil, to endeavour to cure me of my ſuſpicions? Thou art abus'd*, Florange, added he, *and like a fool, falleſt into the Trap. Are not thy Eyes ſurer than all that can be ſaid to thee? And what haſt thou to do with the teſtimony of an Other, when thou thy ſelf doſt but too clearly ſee thy diſhonour?*

Thus confirming himself daily more and more in the Opinion, that he had been impos'd on, he took somewhat extraordinary measures to shrift into *Mainville*'s and his Wife's Intrigue. He pretended not to take any notice of their fondnesses, but resolv'd to surprize them, when they least expected it, and to put them so many Questions in one another's Presence, that they should be nonplus'd. He knew that the motions of the Countenance commonly discover what lies most hid in the Heart: and when one does not find one's Conscience clear, it is an hard matter to keep one's Judgment. Whereupon he one day ask'd them, when they were in a deep Chat, whether there was not a great deal of Pleasure, in entertaining one's self thus aside with what one loves, adding that they must needs tast this happiness often, since it was but a few days ago that they had thus been together alone. It is easie to imagine

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the Confuſion theſe Lovers were under at this Diſcourſe; they were in ſuch a Maze they could not give him one bare word of anſwer. But *Florange* judging by the ſtate they were in, that his Suſpicions were but too well grounded. *To what purpoſe*, renew'd he, *is it for you to uſe ſineneſs with me? and am not I ſo clear-ſighted, as to know what I ought to believe of it? You love tenderly one another, and I ſhould have but little regard for both, ſhould I oppoſe ſo fine an Amity.* The coolneſs he affected in uttering theſe Words, did ſo to all intents diſorder *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs, that they did nothing but gaze upon one another, as if they had complemented one another, who ſhould anſwer him firſt. At laſt, *Mainville* being confus'd to the higheſt degree, endeavour'd to undeceive *Florange*, endeavouring to perſwade him, that being ſo much his Friend, as he was, he could not, without an extream ingratitude, caſt

his

his Eyes upon his Wife. *Let's leave our friendſhip there*, anſwer'd *Florange* coldly, *and I ſhould be very much too blame, were I contented with your Reaſons, ſince, All dear as I am to you, as you ſay, my Wife muſt needs be dearer to you than I am. She has Charms for Men which I have not, and made as ſhe is, ſhe would have reaſon to complain, if under the Pretext of our Acquaintance, you refus'd to love her. And indeed, you cannot put it out of my head, but that you do her Juſtice.* *Mainville* being no longer able to endure a Converſation that madded him, us'd then his utmoſt efforts to inſinuate into him, that he had never had any thoughts of the Marchioneſs: But *Florange* turning towards her, *And Madam*, ſaid he to her, *will you be as inſincere as he, and will you maintain it to my face, that you have been able to be ſo long expos'd to the Cajollaries of a well-bred man, without ſuffering your ſelf to be affected.* The

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Marchioness made him answer, that he did her the highest injury, to put such a Question to her: That her Duty did sufficiently inform her, that she ought to love him only, and that he ought not to doubt but that she did all that her Duty directed her. *A meer Reſvery, Madam,* he reply'd to her, *is that ſame Duty with which your Ladyſhip pretends to entertain me; and a thouſand Women, that are no leſs honeſt than your Ladyſhip, tread it daily under foot; But ſince you aſſure me, that it is ſtrong enough, as to hinder you from paying to my Lord of* Mainville's *merit what you owe it, and that on the other ſide he vows, that the friendſhip he has for me, hinders him from paying you what he owes you, you will both do well never to ſee one another more. And indeed, it would be laying your Reputation too much at ſtake, Madam,* added he, *any longer to ſuffer the Viſits of a Man that has not the ſence to know your worth.*

And

And you, my Lord, said he, addressing his Speech to *Mainville*, *you would do me a kindness, never to set foot more in my house: for I esteem my Wife, and do not love people that slight her so much, or are so insensible, that thus they can resist so many Charms.* At the same time he scrap'd *Mainville* a long Leg, as much as to say, that it was time for him to be gone, and shewing him the Door, he made him apprehend thereby, that he was not of a Humour so easily to be paulm'd upon in his Beleif.

I shall in no wise go about to represent to you in this place, neither *Mainville*'s Amazement, nor the Marchioness's Confusion. They could hardly imagine what they heard; but however loth they were to obey *Florange*'s Command, they must submit; nay, and without reply. When *Mainville* was gone, the Marchioness stomacking what had newly happen'd, and being unable to bear with a separation from her Lo-

Lover, ſhe began to diſcharge her Anger upon her Husband. She told him, that his Capriciouſneſs was beyond Example, and that ſhe needed only to blaze about his Carriage, to put him out of repute with all the World. *Florange* could have anſwer'd her, that as he had been out of repute a long while, he had nothing more to manage upon that Point, but continuing in the ſame manner he began, he made her anſwer, with a mighty ſerious look, that he perceiv'd the ingratitude of Women; that he had newly done her a great piece of Service, in ridding her of a Man that was good for nothing; and that nevertheleſs, inſtead of thanking him for it, ſhe loaded him with Reproaches.

After this, the Lady could not expect to ſee *Mainville* again at her own Houſe; inſomuch, that when they were minded to ſpeak with one another, they were oblig'd to borrow the Houſe of ſome ſhe friend.

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Theſe Pre-cautions render'd their Interviews much ſeldomer, and by Conſequence much more agreeable, becauſe that Difficulty is wont to be a ſeaſoning to Pleaſures, though that all People are not pleas'd with ſuch a Ragoo. It was then a little after *Chriſtmas*, a time that Merriments and Feaſtings begin at *Paris*, when a Friend of *Florange*'s having been preſented with a Noſegay at a Ball, made him agree, that he ſhould entertain his Lady with the Fiddles. The Lady being inform'd of it, ſent notice to *Mainville*, that he ſhould not let that Occaſion ſlip, without making advantage on't; inſomuch, that he diſguis'd himſelf, that he might not be known in the Aſſembly. It was numerous and fine; and as the Marchioneſs was weary of dancing, ſhe plac'd her ſelf in a Corner, whither *Mainville* repair'd immediately to entertain her. He would have ſtaid at her Feet till the Ball had been ended, if a Lady had

not

not come to take him out to dance with her. He could not but out of Civility give her his Hand: But while he danc'd, another Masquerader took his Place, and began to say such particular things to Madam *de Florange*, that she was mightily surpriz'd at it. His Garb was that of a *Gypsey*, which had help'd him much to the accosting of her. *Madam*, said he to her, *Ladies are commonly curious, and the Habit I wear, informs you, that telling of Fortunes is my Province. If you doubt it, you need only to give me your Hand, and you will presently perceive that I am no Bungler in my Profession.* Thereupon he gave her an Account of *Mainville*'s Amour, from the beginning to the very end, and when it came to the place of the Fortune-teller: *It is to me, Madam*, added he, *that you have the obligation of being freed from that ill step. I had some Relation to that Woman, which oblig'd me to go often to her house, and*

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I came thither pretty ſeaſonably to do you Service. After he had given her this Account, he left her, without being to be perſwaded to make himſelf known, though ſhe preſs'd him very much. But as he was going his ways, *Florange*, who had obſerv'd his Converſation with his Wife, and who took him for *Mainville*, by reaſon he had ſomething of his Air, and of his Shape, ſtopp'd him by the Arm, juſt when he was at the bottom of the Stair-caſe, and told him, that he had ſomething to ſay to him. The Maſque ſtaid at theſe Words, and *Florange* ſeeing that he was juſt ready to hear him. *I thought*, ſaid he to him, *that after having admoniſh'd thee, never to ſee my Wife more, thou would'ſt never have had the audaciouſneſs to diſcourſe her, and particularly in my ſight. But by what I perceive, thou mak'ſt no account of what is ſaid to thee, ſince to the prejudice of my Prohibition, thou haſt been newly talking to her. Now*

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for once and all, either let this not happen again, or I shall use such means as shall make you repent you did not take my Advice.

The Masque, that did not expect such a Complement, was very much surpriz'd at it; but having Reasons not to answer so keenly as he was talk'd to, *I know not*, he reply'd, *what you mean by this Discourse, and you certainly take me for an other, having never spoke with your Lady before to day. Wherefore you could not give me Instances of your Jealousie, as you tell me. But since I now know that makes you uneasie, I assure you, that for fear of disturbing your repose, I shall carefully avoid meeting her, being very willing thereby to let you see, that I shall never Court the Occasions of obliging you.*

Nothing could be more handsome than this Answer. But *Florange* being of a Character to be furious, when one crept before him, it augmented his Audaciousness; insomuch,

ſomuch, that ſpeaking a Language ſtill more arrogant than the former, he told the Maſque, *That Excuſes were but ſlight Reparations, when the Offence were real. That thus he meant to chaſtiſe him for his imprudence, as he deſerv'd.* And at the ſame time laying his Hand on his Sword, he oblig'd the Maſque, in his own Defence, to take one his Foot-man carry'd for him. Perchance *Florange* would then have been glad he had not begun the Quarrel; but ſeeing that the Maſque did but parry, without making any Thruſt at him, it encourag'd him ſo as to ruſh on upon him, and puſhing blindly on, he ran himſelf upon the other's Sword. However, the Maſque receiv'd at the ſame time a Thruſt quite through the Body, which made him fall ſtone dead on the other ſide.

The noiſe they had made in quarrelling, had made the People run to part them; and *Florange*'s Friends

 ſeeing

seeing him all cover'd with Blood, and the Masque lying in the Dust, ask'd him the Occasion of their Quarrel. *It is my Wife*, answer'd he them, *who is the Occasion of my Death. Hold me up, I conjure you; for I have but one moment more to live. But if any of you would oblige me, let him go tell her, that in shedding my own Blood, I have at least the Comfort of having taken* Mainville's *Life away.* At these Words the Rumour ran immediately through the whole Assembly, that *Mainville* was newly kill'd; and this News extraordinarily afflicted the Marchioness. She gave deep Sighs, and without minding in that moment either her Husband's Wound, or all that People could say of her Conduct, she ran where the Dead Man lay, to see if her misfortune was without Remedy. As soon as she had cast her Eyes upon his Cloaths, she presently perceiv'd they had given her a false Allarum; and studying to re-

pair what she had newly done, she went to *Florenge*, and made his Friends believe, that the Tears she shed were only on his account.

However, she gave her Woman Order, under hand, to enquire who the Dead Man was; and this Damsel being curious enough of her self, resolv'd to use her utmost Care. But this needed no great trouble; for as soon as the Deceased's Mask was taken off, all the Servants of the House knew it to be *Grand Champ*; and she her self going near the Body, quickly perceiv'd that they were in the right. For some time she could hardly believe what she saw, as being pre-possess'd with his Death, upon the Account that had been given her her self in the Village before mention'd: But you must know, that she had been misinform'd, because at the time they imagin'd he had breath'd his last, he was only fallen into a *Lethargy*, occasion'd by the loss of Blood, and which he

he recover'd from some Hours after.

As the Marchioness had been well pleas'd to hear of *Grand-Champ*'s Death, instead of that of *Mainville*, it put her Husband into an incredible Despondency. For besides the Grief he had to know his Wife's Lover still in a Condition of disturbing his Rest, he was out of Countenance for having wrongfully shewn his Jealousie in such good Company: and what is more, he was not without Regret for having kill'd the unfortunate *Gnand-Champ*. But what disquieted him more than all this, is, that the Chyrurgeons durst not ascertain he would escape from his Wound, as finding it very dangerous. While he lay a curing his Friends us'd their Interest to obtain his Pardon; and *Grand Champ*, having no body to revenge his Memory, they easily effected their Business. After this *Florange* recover'd by little and little, and seeing him-

ſelf in perfect Health, he us'd his utmoſt endeavour to bring his Cauſe to a Trial, that ſo he might return into the Countrey, where he fancy'd he ſhould live more at quiet than at *Paris*.

When he was in hopes of having it brought to Trial, the Defendants, who had not over-good Right, and who found an Advantage of deferring the Verdict, bethought themſelves of preſenting a Requeſt to the Council, by which they required to have the Cauſe left to an other Parliament than that of *Paris*, alledging, that *Florange* and his Wife had therein a World of Relations upon the Bench. The Affair being examined in full Council, *Florange*'s Parties obtain'd what they demanded, and were referred to *Rouen*.

This Decree was extream cruel to *Mainville* and the Marchioneſs, who notwithſtanding *Florange*'s Prohibitions and Pre-cautions, did nevertheleſs continue to ſee one another.

that. They knew *Paris* to be the only place where Intrigues could be conceal'd, and that in the other Towns, however great they might be, they were expos'd to the Censure of all People; a Man of Quality especially not being able to take a step without furnishing matter for talk. Nevertheless having in their Interviews found Pleasures they could neither of them renounce, without doing a great Violence upon themselves, they contriv'd before they parted, how to see one another at *Rouen*; and no sooner was *Elvrange* there, but *Mainville* came thither *incognito*.

A little before, he had, with his Credit, serv'd a President of that Parliament, who had had a great Concern at Court; insomuch, that not doubting of his Acknowledgment, he went and alighted at his House. There, without scruple, he declared to him what brought him to *Rouen*, and that he had oc-

casion for his Service. A thousand Persons in this President's Circumstances, would have put on their Gravity, and have likewise told him without scruple, that he might seek out an other Confident; but this President being very willing to make Returns for the Obligation he had to him, and besides, being no Enemy to Nature, he made him answer, that he might dispose of him, of his House, and of all he had in his power. *I'le not have so much*, said *Mainville* to him; *and all I require of you, is to lend me one of your Coaches, when I go abroad with a Parliament-Robe. For when I go to my Mistresses House, I mean to be taken for you; and all that we are to have a care of, is, that it be not known that I am here. Thus you must make me pass in your own House, for one of your own Relations; and if People wonder that I make no Visit in the Town, you may say, that I am sick. If this was the only thing to be remedy'd,*

dy'd, answer'd the President, *the thing would be very easie. I know already, without your needing to speak to me of it, that you have People here in whom you confide; and I may say the same thing of mine, whom I need only to forbid speaking, that you were at my House, to bind them to silence. But the Difficulty that I find herein is, that you would, methinks, pay a Visit to the Marchioness under my Name, and that when you are at her House, it should be thought to be me. Right,* Mainville reparty'd, *And this is just what I desire: And if I can deceive the Publick, I will take my time so well, as never to go to her Lodgings but when her Husband is abroad. I agree to't*, the President answer'd; *but you are going to set me at odds with my Wife. She is jealous to the utmost extremity; and as soon as she shall be perswaded, like others, that I visit Madam* de Florange, *I am very much afraid I shall have little quiet at home. Let's lodg our Secret with*

her, answer'd *Mainville* then: *'Tis the means of being all our Safeties. I have thought of that*, reply'd the President; *but two things hinder'd me, one is, that she can only conceal what she does not know; the other, that it would not be handsome for me to engage her in this Intrigue. Thus it is much better to undergo her Jealousie.*

Mainville shew'd himself Civil, by expressing, that he would not purchase his own Content at the expence of his Friend's. But the President made him answer, That nothing could afford him more Joy, than the doing of him Service; and though he had spoke to him of his Wife's Humour, it was not to excuse himself from the Business, but to take their measures so well, that they might keep their Concerns secret. A Lover is easie to perswade, when it tends to his satisfaction. Thus *Mainville* making but mean efforts to combate the President's

Civility, consented to all he required. He then caus'd a Coachman and two Lacqueys, to be dreſt up in the Preſident's Colours; and when he went abroad, not a Perſon, but took him for the Preſident, by reaſon of his Diſguiſe. And indeed, all People ſaluted him in the Streets, principally thoſe that had any Proceſs, pretending he would have ſome regard to their Civility, when he ſhould come to try it. However, for the better deceiving of them, he took care to conceal his Face with his Handkerchief, ſo as that not any perſon living took notice of the Cheat; ſo much the more, as that he never went to the Marchioneſſes Houſe, ſave when her Huſband was gone to ſolicite his Judges, which ſhe fail'd not of giving him immediate notice of, that ſo they might not loſe the occaſion of ſeeing one another.

This he ſped in for five or ſix times, without Fortune's playing him

him any ill Prank, but *Florange's* Parties being allarum'd at these frequent Visits, desired the President thereupon, to decline being of their Judges, giving him to understand, that visiting Madam *de Florange* so often as he did, he could not assist at the Tryal of their Suit, without giving them a great Suspicion. The President could easily have undeceiv'd them if he would, but that not being to be done, without discovering his Friend's Secret, he sought out sorry Excuses for the Visits those Parties fancy'd he made to the Marchioness. Thus he reply'd upon them, that they were very much in the wrong, in suspecting him of any partiality: That the seeing of a Woman did not render him the less honest man: That every Individual had his Conscience to keep: That it was not a sufficient Reason against his being a Judge at their Trial: and that on the contrary, he was resolv'd to be on the

Bench,

Bench, to shew how wrongfully they were allarum'd. He thought thereby to serve *Mainville*, who had desired him to embrace *Florange's* Interests as his own. But these Parties thinking themselves lost without Remedy, after this Declaration, contriv'd to blaze about, in such manner, the President's and Marchioness's Intrigue, as to oblige him to be the first to draw off himself. They had heard since they were in the Town, that the Presidents Wife was extreamly jealous, and that upon the least appearance of her Husband's Infidelity, she was wont to make an horrible bustle. Thus they fancy'd, that they needed only to intimate the President's Visits to her under hand, and that after this the Intrigue he had with the Marchioness would quickly be publick.

Having form'd this Resolution, they signify'd to the President's Lady what they were desirous she should know: and this News made her

her almost mad. She immediately loaded her Husband with a thousand Reproaches for this new Inclination, and would needs oblige him to promise her never to go more to her Lodgings. *She's a profess'd Gossip*, said she to him, *and your frequenting of her Company is only to abuse me.* The President was at a very great loss how to quiet this Woman, whom he knew hard to be govern'd upon that Article. He endeavour'd to perswade her, that he saw Madam *de Florange* only out of respect; and that if her Concerns had not been recommended to him by all her Friends, he would pay her no more Visits. But his Lady falling into a Rage, and so much the more, as that he would not promise her to see her no more, she resolv'd to manifest her Jealousie in such manner, as that Madam *de Florange* should be oblig'd to forbid him her House.

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While that the President's Lady was thus preparing to disturb these Lovers Repose, Fortune, that had spar'd them since they had been at *Rouen*, contriv'd to play them a Prank, which they had all the trouble imaginable to free themselves from. One Day that *Florange* had chosen to see his Judges, he was taken with an Indisposition on the Way, that oblig'd him to return home sooner than he expected. He found the President's Coach at his Door, and was mightily pleas'd with the Honour he did him of coming to see his Wife, as judging thence he would do his best for him, when his Cause came to a Trial. Wherefore he must needs pay him his Acknowledgments: But at his entrance into the Marchioness's Chamber, he was much surpriz'd to find a man before her upon his Knees. The Marchioness seeing him come in, was still more surpriz'd than he: for it was

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Mainville, who in the President's Robes, made her a thousand amorous Protestations. *Florange* had luckily made a stop one moment, to consider upon the manner of his Behaviour in so extraordinary an occasion. The Marchioness employ'd that small time to great advantage: For judging that *Florange* could not have seen *Mainville*, his Back being towards him. *Ah, my Lord*, said she to her Lover, *all my Remedies are useless, and you'l cover me all with Blood, unless you put your Handkerchief before your Nose.* *Mainville*, who had an infinite stock of Wit, apprehended by these Words, that *Florange* must needs be behind him, and seconding the Marchioness's Artifice, he took an Handkerchief out of her Hands, with which she had rubb'd her self, and which luckily for them, was all over Blood, as having her self bled at the Nose but a moment before.

fore. Then *Mainville* cover'd his Face with it; and *Florange* seeing him in this Condition, was not sorry that he was so moderate, as thinking he had been unseasonably allarum'd. Thus instead of quarrelling him, as he had resolv'd to do a moment before, he made him a Complement upon his feigned Indisposition, bidding his Wife send for a clean Handkerchief, and fair Water, to wash his Face.

Mainville was in some sort of Security, through the Marchioness's Artifice: but seeing that *Florange* was so very officious to serve him against his Will, he knew not yet how he should get off from this Affair, when Fortune freed him by a Circumstance that in all likelihood should have ruin'd him. The President's Lady pass'd through the Street, and seeing her Husband's Coach at the Marchioness *de Florange*'s Door, she immediately

ately resolv'd to go in, her Jealousie inspiring her with a thousand extravagant things. Madam *de Flarange* knew her not; but seeing an handsome Woman come into her Room, and who seem'd a Person of Quality, she went towards her to pay her her Civilities. The President's Lady stept back, with a scornful look, and then using her Tongue; *You ought, Madam, to be satisfy'd*, said she to her, *with caressing my Husband, without loading me with your fondnesses. The Traitor is as fit for you, as he is for me; and I design henceforward to send all those that have to do with him, to your House.* After this, she fell to loading *Mainville* with a thousand Reproaches, taking him for her Husband, as being deceived by his Garb and Wigg, that was of the President's Colour.

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However, *Mainville* said not one word; which made the Lady the more believe it to be the President, and that finding himself culpable, he durst say nothing in his own excuse. Thus his Silence was a new Crime for him: She continued upon the same Tone; and after she had pretty well discharg'd her Choler, she took him by the Gown; saying, she would rather stay there as long as she liv'd, than go away without him. *Mainville*, who would willingly have given all things to have been away from thence, made use of this occasion to be gone; and being entred with her into his Coach, he on the way, underwent all that a Woman can say that thinks her self slighted. *Thou dost well to hide thy self, thou Cheat*, said she to him; *But that Handkerchief thou hold'st before thy face, does not hide from me the Motions of*

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thy Heart. I know whom thou addreſſeſt thy Vows to; and all the Careſſes thou ſometimes makeſt me, are only for the better deceiving me. In ſaying this, ſhe ſnatch'd his Handkerchief from off his Noſe: But her Surprize paſs'd beyond all that I can ſay, when inſtead of her Huſband ſhe ſaw a man ſhe did not know. For out of certain Conſiderations, the Preſident had not let her ſee *Mainville*, though he ſtaid in his Houſe; and when ſhe had ask'd him the Reaſon of it, he had ſtopp'd her mouth, by telling her, that there were certain things which Women ought not to know. In the mean while, *Mainville's* Diſorder was no leſs in this Occaſion, than that of the Preſident's Ladies; but being ſooner recollected, *Madam*, ſaid he to her, *I know that this Adventure ſurprizes you: I beſeech you not to let it be known, and you will herein oblige a Man of Quality, who*

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is my Lord, your Husband's friend, and a peculiar Servant of all that regards him. I would now tell your Ladyship, continued he, *what has induc'd me to disguise my self as I am; but it is better that you be inform'd of all from his own Mouth, because, that not having the Honour to be known by you, all would be suspicious I might say to your Ladyship.*

In the mean while, the Coach jogg'd on, and they at length got home, without any other illustration than this. The President was then in the Court of his House. He was strangely amaz'd to see *Mainville* with his Wife; and making up to them, to know how this came to pass, he was still in a greater maze, when *Mainville* had told him aside, all that had befallen him. *This is a bad Business,* said the President to him; *and knowing my Wife's Humour, she cannot fail of blabbing it abroad.*

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However, to top upon her, he told her, that *Mainville* was a man of Quality, who was hamper'd in great troubles; and that it imported his Life, that People should not know of his being in Town: That therefore he besought her not to say the least of it to any Body; and that this was the Reason that had induc'd him to give him a Retreat at his House, without telling her of it. *You think me but an ill Keeper of Secrets*, Sir, said his Wife to him, as already suspecting the mystery; *and all People have not so bad an Opinion of Women as you, since that this Gentleman himself does not conceal himself from Madam* de Florange. *Madam* de Florange, the President reply'd to her, *is a Relation of his, and partakes in all that can befall him; insomuch, that she will be cautious of discovering where he is.* The President's Lady, who was as malicious as any body living, and who had plainly observ'd

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how *Mainville* had hid himself from the Husband. *I believe*, she answer'd the President, *that this Lady has still more Interest than you say, in keeping your Friend's Concerns secret; but I very much doubt whether the Marquis* de Florange *has the same Regards for him.* At these Words she left them both there; and the President knowing the spightfulness of his Wife, advis'd *Mainville* to leave the Town, for fear her Twattle being told again to *Florange*, he might suspect the Truth.

Mainville, notwithstanding the Pleasure he took in seeing his Mistress, follow'd his Friend's Advice, and departed *Rouen*. The Campaign began shortly after, which solac'd him for this Adventure, as finding in the Employs of War wherewith to make him forget for a while the Secrets of Love.

THE END.